# THE IDYLLS OF THEOCRITUS

AND THE

# ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY

C S CALVERLEY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

R Y TYRRELL, LITT D. D.C.L

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# CONTLNES TYBRELL LE THEOCRITUS

INTERDUCTION BY R I TYRRELL LITT D DCL

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PRAGMENT FROM THE BERENICE EPIGBANS AND EPITAPHS

#### VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES

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### IN PRODUCTION

IT was a happy thought to publish in a form separate from the whole works of Calverley, his translation of the Idylls of Theorritus and the Eclogues of Virgil. Perhaps no poems which have come down to us from the ancient world-certainly none of the comparatively small compass which the Idylls and the Eclogues embrace-have more completely won their way into the minds and hearts of British readers. Only ten Greek books were printed before Aldus began his fruitful labours, and only two of them were poets. Those two were Homer and Theocritus In many respects they may be called the Alpha and Omega of Greek poetry. Though the Syracusan sunger cannot claim a niche in the Temple of Fame as majestic as that of the incomparable Chian, yet it

istic specimen of the consummate art of the poet and of the taste and skill of the translator, I would point to the passage where Simaetha describes to her handmaid Thestylis the first visit of the young athlete whom she had summoned to cure her love sickness

Bethink thee mistress Moon whence came my love He bent his pitaless eyes on me looked down

And sate him on my couch and sitting said 'Thou hast gained on me Simustha (e en as I Gained once on young Philinus in the race) Bidding me hither ere I came unasked

Bethink thee mistrees Moon whence came my love
' For I had come by Eros I had come
The night with come des two or more he more

This night with comrades twain or may be more The fruitage of the Wine god in my robe And wound about my brow with inhands red The silver leaves so dear to Heracles

and wound about my brow with ribands red
The silver leaves so dear to Heracles
Bethink thee mistress Moon whence came my love

"Had ye said Enter," well for mid my peers High is my name for goodiness and speed I had hissed that sweet mouth once and go ne my way But had the door been harred and I thrust out With brand and are would we have stormed ye then Rethink the suntress Moon whence come my love.

"Now be my thanks recorded first to Love Next to thee maiden, who didst pluck me out A half burned helpless creature from the flames And badst me hither It is Love that lights A fire more fierce than his of Libers.

(Bethink thee mistress Moon, whence came my love)

charm of the Greek, to a great extent lost in Virgul's eighth eclogue, which, however contains the pretitient jassage in the eclogues, the finest lines in Virgil in the opinion of Vaccullay, discribing a boy's love at first eight.

Within our orthrid walls I aw thee first A wee child with her mother—(I was sent To guide you)—gathering apples wet with dew Ten years and one I ceares had numbered them; Could scarce on tip-too reach the brittle boughs. I saw I fell I was myself no more begin my dute a song of Arcady

Now know I what hore is. On hard rocks born Timares or Rhodope or they who dwell In timest Africa do father him No child of mortal blood or lineage Berm my flute a sone of Arrady

Damon's song deplores the fickleness of a woman Naturally the song of Alphesiboeus is more suggestive of Theorrius, since its theme is the same, the unfaithfulness of a lover. This is more like the Pharmaceutria.

Be his such longing as the heifer feels, When faint with seeking her lost mate through copse And deepest grove, beside some water-brook In the green grass she sinks in her despair. Nor cares to yield possession to the night. Be his such honging mine no wish to heal

Bring songs bring Daphnis from the city home.

More steeped in the spirit of Theocritus is a modern poem, the Sister Helen of Dinto Gabriel Rossetti.

poem, the Sister Helen of Dute Gabriel Rossetti
The Little Brother plays a more important part than
Thestylis, and enhances the trajuc gloom of the picture
Helen as even more umplacable than Superline as the

Helen is even more implacable than Simuetha, as the following extracts from the poem will show:

"For three days now be has lain abed

Sister Helen,
And he prays to torment to be dead
"The thing may chance if he have prayed
Luttle Brother'

(O Mother Mary Mather

(O Mother Mary Mother If he have proyed between Hell and Heaven !)

\*But he says till you take tack your ban Sister Helen, His soul would pass tut never can

Nay then shall I slay a living man Lattle Brother?"

/O Volker Mary Mother

A living soul between Hell and Hearen')

"But he calls for ever on your name

" But he caus for ever on your name
Sister Helen,
And says that he melts before a flame."

"My heart for his pleasure fared the same, Lattle Brother" (O Mother Mary Mother,

Fire at the heart between Hell and Heaven')

"He sends a ring and a broken coin

And bids you mind the banks of Boyne"
"What else he broke will be ever soin

Lattle Brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother

(O Mother, Mary Mother Oh never more, between Hell and Heaten!)

"He yields you these and cries full from

Sister Helen That you pardon him in his mortal pain."

"What else he took will he give aguin,

Little Brother?"

(O Mather Alory Mather

No more, no more between Hell and Heaven',

"He calls your name in an agony

Sister Helen That even dead Love must weep to see ' "Hate born of Love is blind as he,

Lattle Brother."
(O Mother, Mary Mother,

Lors turned to Hate, between Hell and Heaven')

I have dwelt at length on the Pharmaceutria because it stirred Virgil to an imitation of it, and because it is one of the finest poems ever written—a vignette of the most exquisite finish Readers should note especi alls, not only the passages which I have quoted, but also the grand lines (35 40) in which we are told that the incentation is performed at the dead of night. when the voices of the sea and the winds are hushed. and only the baying of hounds in the town is heard, at the approach of the dread goddess Hecate, standand at the cross roads, and Theatyles is bidden to sound the gong which will drive evil spirits away Also, especial attention should be directed to the description of the two athletes coming ir m the palaestra. The poem is a masterpice from the first line with its abrupt appeal to Thestylis for the laurel leaves and other appurtenances of the black art, to the last in which she invokes the stars as pursuivants of the car of stilly Night '

The most thoroughly pastoral of all the poems as the seventh, the Thallyan or Harvest Home, which, to use the poet's own words, 'reeks of lush Summer and fruit laden Fall'. But while the anger revels in the pears and apples and damsons that roll at his feet, he cannot forbers a sneer at the wretched rivalries which squared the theory to the pears and apples and of the state of the same state.

I hate your builders who would rear a house High as Oromedon's mountain pinnacle I hate your song birds too whose cuckoo-cry Struggles (in vain) to match the Chian bard.

It is an interesting passage, and from it we may fairly infer that the poet saw the essential difference between himself and his merely imitative Alexandrine rivals, which is so beautifully expressed by Mr Andrew Lang

Their critical activity in every field of literature was immense their original genius sterile. In them the intellects of the Hellenes will family glowed like embers on an altar that shed no light on the way. Yet over these embers the God poured once again the sacred oil and from the dull mass lesped like a many coloured fiame the genus of Theoretius.

Idylla XIV and XV are probably taken from mimes of Sophron The former tells excellently how Oynisca, the mistress of Aeschines, betrays at a drinking party her passion for Lycus, Wolf She sat silent, and

A wolf? some wag said Shrewdly guessed quoth she, And blushed—her blushes might have fired a torch.

Hagt geen

Then a horse jobber or rough rider (Knight is hardly the word), who was present, cruelly sings a song "O Lycus mine," "O Wolf, my Wolf," when the poor down their respective husbands, when suddenly it occurs to Gorgo that the child knows what they are talking about, and she sets matters right with,

Gorgo Nay call not dear your lord your Demon names To the habe a face. Look how it stares at you! There baby dear she never meant Papa It understands by r Lady Dear Papa But I own I was greeved to find what seems to me

clear evidence that such scenes, in which women inveigh against their absent spouses, were part of the stock in trade of the mimographer, and were constantly reproduced So also the reviling of servants by their mistresses, which appears in this idvl] I am sure that Theocritus has handled these scenes with an art altogether transcending that of his rivals but I had thought that they were the fruit of his own genius and invention. It is a pity that Herodas should have disabused us of a pleasing illusion, seeing that he has given us so little in exchange for it

The Fishermen (XXI) is one of the few sunless and laughterless idylls. Here the singer no longer revels in woods, streams, and flowers, but we find zrin

the same master hand painting the cabin by the gray see where the wise old fishermen philosophize on life, its hardships and its consolations

The Countryman's Woong (XXVII) is a gem, and las given to the vocabulary of French poetry a new word in its title, caretys Lines 31 32 give a good specimen of the happiness of the translation

The Maiden And bearing children all our grace destroys
Dapins Bear them and shine more lustrous in your boys.

The sem epical pieces are far less interesting, but it of have farmished Tennyson with some beautiful passages In the Dissecuri (\UXII) in the description of the fight between Amyeus and Polydences, we meet a very original figure

> Broad were his shoulders wast his orbed chest Lake a wrought status rose his iron frame And might the shoulder on each brawny arm Stood out the muscles high as rolling stones Caught by some rain swoln river and shapen amooth By its wild eddyinga.

The keenness of observation here displayed did not escape the not less observant eye of the great English poet, as is shown by this passage from The Marriage of Gerant At last it chanced that on a summer morn (They sleeping each by other) the new sun Beat thro the bimdless casement of the room, And heated the strong warnor in his dreams, Who moving cast the coverlet saide, And bared the knotted column of his throat, The massive square of his heroic breast, And arms on which the standing muscle alope 1, As slopes a wild brook or a little stone, Rumming to veluemently to break upon it.

Readers will remember Virgil's somno mollior herba, suggested by μαλακώτιρα ὅπτω (applied by Theocritus to the coverings of the couch of Venus), as well as the picture in Tennyson's Palace of Art.

And one an English home—gray twilight pour d On demy pastures, demy trees, Softer than sleep—all things in order stored, A hand of special Peace

The details of the his of Theocritus have not come down to us He flourished between 283 and 263 s c., and lived chiefly in Cos and Syracuse, which was a city of great magnificence under the rale of the princely Hiero, in whom Theocritus seems to have found a far from generous patron Syracuse often gave valuable and to the arms of Rome, while her

# INTRODUCTION

inspired son was producing models destined to kindle the imagination of Rome's first, and only great, bucolic poet Among the friends of Theocritis were Nicias a physician of Miletus and the physician's

wife Theogens or Theogens, to whom he addresses the charming little poem (XXVIII) in chorambic measure entitled The Distaff Other friends were Aratus, and his preceptors Philetas and Asclepases His visit to the Court of Alexandria seems to have been a failure, nor did he find favour at the Court of

been a failure, nor did he find favour at the Court of Hiero. He does not seem to have possessed the arts of the courtier. His two least effective poems are strained and stilted enlogies of Hiero and Ptolemy (XVI, XVII). Probably the taste of the time leaned more to the mythologic lore displayed in the Alexandrine revival of the Ionian epic than to the native

andrine revival of the Ionian epic than to the native wood notes wild of the Dorian singer Alexandra was the proper sphere for a Callimachus, not for a Theocritus He had no interest in the problems of hic and the painful "riddle of the carth", and he was prome to look at the bright side of things. We may say of him, in his own words. But sometimes as in the fourth Idyll one of the bright est in the collection we meet the lacrimae rerum

Battus Sweet Amarylls thou alone though dead art unforgot.

Dearer than thou whose light 18 quenched my very goats are
not.

Oh for the all unkindly fate that's fallen to my lot!

Corydon Cheer up brave lad! to morrow may ease thee of
the nam

thy pein

Aye for the living are there hopes past hoping are the ela n

And now Zens sends us sunshine and now he sends us run.

He is touched by the pathos of the death of Amaryllis and the saddest line in Theorritus is

Ιλπ δες έν ζωο σεν άνελπ στο δέ θανόντες

His political outlook is bounded by Hellss. He does not even montion the city on the Tiber, which during his own lifetime was fast strengthening her."

There is little to add to what I have already about the Eclogues of Virgil. This is not the place discuss the questions to which they give rise funstance, whether the poet was disposessed of his farm, and then reinstated, or who was the mysterious infant foreshadowed in the Pollio eclogue. Irrespective of such questions, immortality is reserved for such lines as

Impus hace tam culta novalia miles habebit? Barbarus has segetes?

and

Incope parve puer risu cognoscere matrem.

This delicate charm of style, as Horace calls it, is what puts the translator on his mettle. And Calyerley has bounded to the touch of the spur. Not even Sir C. Bowen has more defuly caught the spirit of the ecloques. For the sake of comparison with Calculer's

pretty version (Fcl viii 40 ff) given above, I quote one of Sir C Bowen's happiest efforts

Twas in our crofts I saw thee a gul thy mother hes de, Plucking the applies devy inspell the pilot and guide Years had I number deleven the twelfth was beginning to run Scarce was I able to reach from the ground to the branches that mann d

Ah when I saw how I perished! to fatal folly was rept.

Now have I learn d what Love is Among rocks savage and wild Tmaros or Rhodope bare him or far Garamantis for child— Mortal his lineage is not, nor human blood in his veins

Begin, my fints of the mountains with me my Maenalus strains

It is amusing to find in Virgil, the average

schoolboy's implacable and truceless foe, what that schoolboy would probably call "a howler" Damor

(Ecl viii, 52 60) commenting on the unequal union between Mopsus and the faithless Nysa, prays that a similar unnatural change (like Nysa's perverse preference of Mopsus to himself) may take place through out all nature, the wolf fleeing from the lamb, the tamarisk distilling amber, and so forth He concludes with the words omnia vel medium fiant mare, "let earth become mid ocean " The acuteness of Elmsley saw that this was a mistranslation of Theocritus i, 134 πάντα δ' έναλλα γένοιτο, a very similar passage, clearly present to Virgil's mind. But ἔναλλα means " topsyturvy," which Virgil mistook for evalua, "marine" It is interesting to notice that he must have prononnced \(\lambda\) as \(ll\) is now pronounced in the Romance languages, something like ly. Thus the two words would be to him indistinguishable in sound. It is possible that in the same ecloque (line 64) effer aquam is a similar mistranslation of aips to vapa, Theocritus xv, 27, where vang means not "water" but "yarn." Admirable as are the translations of Calverley, I

Admirable as are the trunslations of Calverley, I would venture to predict that his enduring fame will rest rather on his original compositions in Verses and Translations and in Fly Leaves. It is sad that Calverley

\*\*\*\*\*

never heard the late for Henry Irring recite, as the great actor did with a perfect feeling of the humour and irony of the piece, the Gemini and Viryo Had he been allotted the common span of life, he might have enjoyed that pleasure It was no small eralence of the native refinement of Irring that he was attracted by so chastened a piece, quite in the vein of Prand at his best. One does not often meet in such playful pooms a stanza like the following, with its irresistible rearenthesis.

I did not love as others do

(None ever did that I've heard tell of), My passion was a byword through The town she was of course the belle of

It is not long since an able writer in the Quarterly

made a well written and well reasoned plea for Sir W Gilbert, as deserring a very high place among our minor poets. The qualities on which he dwelt most strongly were the great felicity of diction and the perfect mastery of metro and rhyme. These are the very faculties which are most prominent in Calverley. But to both Gilbert and Calverley their humour and delicated rong were fatal. The British reader will not admit to the Valhalla of the poets one who is hardly

ever quite serious Even Hood, many of whose poems are profoundly serious, was never permitted to pass that portal through which Gray passed with such a very thin volume under his arm.

There is a vein of pathos in Calverley The tutor in Fly Leaves, communing with the locket, and sur rounding it with romantic associations altogether the buth of his own imagination, is a pathetic figure C P Mulvany had a deeply pathetic vein He, the Dablin analogue of Calverley, had much of Calverley's humour, but not a tenth part of his scholarship His most prominent Oxford rivals A D Godley, and A T Quiller Couch have a delightful your of hu mour, but eschew the serious Cambridge has been more prolific than Oxford of poets of the school of Calverley He was known as Blayds at Harrow and Oxford, but it was at Cambridge that he first showed those faculties which have gained for him his present place in the world of letters Owen Seaman, another Cambridge man, a winner of the Porson Prize, still keeps the flashlight of humour and irony ablaze in the pages of Punch

The present volume does not show Calverley in his

most characteristic phase, but the reader will find the definess and lightness of touch which have gained such widespread popularity for his Verses and Translations and his Fly Leates And many who perhaps know by heart several of the pieces in those two little books, will most for the first time the masterly translations which form the present volume. The reader who consults the essay on metrical translations

transiations which form the present volume. The reader who consults it c every on metrical transiations at the end of the collected il urks of U riks Stuart Onlierley will see what arduous restrictions he imposes on translators and will observe with what fidelity he conforms to the standard which he has erected. Many craceful pens have paid their tribute to the

charming singer of Sicily The collected works of Calverley and the translation of Lang have preserved poems in his praise which are both beautiful and discriminating. We would fain add here a Villanelle by Oscar Wilde, a fine scholar and an ardent lover of Theocortius, taken from Lehoes from "Actiabos".

Os nger of Persephone In the dim mendows desolite Dost thou remember Sicily?

<sup>&#</sup>x27; Printed by permiss on of Mr Robert Ross

Still through the my fits the bee Where Amaryllis lies in state, O singer of Persephone!

Simaetha calls on Hecate And hears the wild dogs at the gate, Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still by the light and laughing sea Poor Polypheme bemoans his state, O singer of Persephone!

And still in boyish rivalry Young Daphius challenges his mate, Dost thou remember Sicily?

Shm Lacon keeps a goat for thee For thee the journd shepherds wait, O singer of Persephone! Dost thou remember Sicily?

R Y TYPRELL.

DUBLIN April 1908.



#### PREFACE

HAD intended translating all or nearly all these Idylls into blank verse, as the natural equivalent of Greek or of Latin hexameters, only deviating into rhyme where occasion seemed to demand it. But I found that other metres nad their special advantages the fourteen syllables line in particular has that, among others, of containing about the same number of syllables as an ordinary line of Theorritis. And there is also

Several recent writers on the subject have laid down that every translation of Greek poetry, especially bucolin poetry, must be in rhyme of some sort. But they have seldom stated, and it is hard to see, why. There is no rhyme in the original, and prima fa.is should be none in the translation. Professor Blackie has, it is

no doubt something gained by variety

true, pointed out the "assonances, alliterations, and rhymes," which are found in more or less abundance

in Ionic Greek \* These may of course be parely accidental, like the hexameters in Livy or the blankverse lines in Mr Dickens's prose but accidental or not (it may be said) they are there and ought to be

recognised May we not then recognise them by introducing similar assonances, etc., here and there into the English version? or by availing ourselves of what Professor Blackie again calls attention to the "compensating powers' + of Lughsh? I think with him

ox's hide " Such phrases as 'The Lord is a man of war,' 'The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,' are to my ear quite as grand as Homer and it would be equally fair to ask what we are to make

of a language which transforms Milton's line into η σάλπιγξ ου προσεφη του ωπλισμευου όχλου ‡ But be this as it may, these phenomena are surely too

that it was hard to speak of our language as one which "transforms boos megaloso bomen into "great rure and too arbitrary to be adequately represented by any regularly recurring rhyme and the question remains, what is there in the unrhymed original to which rhyme answers?

To me its effect is to divide the verse into couplets. triplets, or (if the word may include them all) stanzas of some kind Without rhyme we have no apparent means of conveying the effect of stanzas There are of course devices such as repeating a line or part of a line at stated intervals, as is done in 'Tears, idle tears' and elsewhere but clearly none of these would he available to a translator Where therefore he has to express stanzas, it is easy to see that rhyme may be admissible and even necessary Pope's couplet may (or may not) stand for elegiacs, and the In Memoriam stanza for some one of Horace's metres Where the heroes of Virgil's Ecloques sing alternately four lines each, Gray's quatrain seems to suggest itself and where a similar case occurs in these Idylls (as for instance in the ninth) I thought it might be met by taking whatever received English stanza was nearest the required length Pope's couplet again may possibly best convey the pomposity of some Idylls and the

gestio falsi

point of others And there may be divers considerations of this kind But, speaking generally, where the translator has not to intimate stanzas—where he has on the contrary to intimate that there are none— —rhyme seems at first sight an intrusion and a sag-

No doubt (as has been observed) what 'Pastorals' we have are mostly written in what is called the heron measure. But the reason is, I suppose, not far to each. Dryden and Pope wrote 'herones,' not from any sense of their fitness for bacolic poetry, but from a sense of their innversal fitness and their followers copied them. But probably no scholar would affirm that any poem, original or translated, by Pope or Dryden or any of their school, really resembles in any degree the bucche poetry of the Greeks. Mr. Morris, whose poems appear to me to resemble it more aimost than anything I have ever seen, of course

more atmost than anything I have ever seen, of course writes what is technically Pope's metre, and equally of course is not of Pope's school Whether or no Pope and Dryden untended to resemble the old baccolic poets in style is, to say the least, immaterial. If they did not, there is no reason whatever why any of us

who do should adopt their metre: if they did and failed, there is every reason why we should select a different one.

Professor Conington has adduced one correct argument against blank verse: that is, that hardly any of us can write it.\* But if this is so-if the 'blank verse, which we write is virtually prose in disguisethe addition of rhyme would only make it rhymed prose, and we should be as far as ever from "verse really deserving the name." + Unless (which I can hardly imagine) the mere incident of 'terminal consonance' can constitute that verse which would not be verse independently, this argument is equally good against attempting verse of any kind. we should still be writing discussed, and had better write undiscussed. prose. Prose translations are of course tenable, and are (I am told) advocated by another very eminent critic. Those considerations against them occur to one: that, among the characteristics of his original which the translator is bound to preserve, one is that he wrote metrically; and that the prattle which passes

Preface to Costsorox's Aland, page ix.

<sup>†</sup> Had.

muster, and sounds perhaps rather pretty than otherwise, in metre, would in plain prose be insufferable. Very likely some exceptional sort of prose may be

Very likely some exceptional sort of prose may be meant, which would dispose of all each difficulties but this would be barder for an ordinary writer to evolve out of his own brain, then to construct any success of verse for which he has at least a model and

a precedent
These remarks are made to show that my metres
were not selected, as it might appear, at hap-hazard.
Metre is not so unimportant as to matrir that
For

the reat, I have used Briggs's cittion \* (Porto Buceliei Oraci), and have never, that I am aware of, taken refuge in any various reading where I could make any sense at all of the text as great by him Sometimes I have been content to put down what I felt was a wrong rendering rinher than comt, but only in cases where the original was plainly corrupt, and all suggested emendations seemed to me hopelessly

wide of the mark What, for instance, may be the true

Since writing the above lines I have had the advantage of seeing Mr Taley's Throcritis, which was not out when I made my version.

meaning of βολβός τις κοχλιας in the fourteenth Idyll I have no idea It is not very important. And no doubt the sense of the last two lines of the " Death of Adonis" is very unlikely to be what I have made it But no suggestion that I mot with seemed to me satisfactory or even plausible and in this and a few similar cases I have put down what suited the context Occasionally also, as in the Idyll here printed last-the one lately discovered by Bergk, which I elucidated by the light of Fritzsche's conjectures-I have availed myself of an opinion which Professor Conington somewhere expresses, to the effect that, where two interpretations are tenable, it is lawful to accept for the purposes of translation the one you might reject as a commentator reroot, for has I dare say nothing whatever to do with 'quartan fever'

On one point, rather a minor one, I have ventured to dissent from Professor Blackie and others namely, unretaining the Greek, instead of adopting the Roman, nomenclature Professor Blackie says \* that there are some men by whom "it is esteemed a grave offence to call Juniter Juniter," which bers the question and

<sup>\*</sup> Brackies Homer, Preface pp xii., xiii.

Against this hill-slope in the tamprick shade, And pipe me somewhat, while I guard thy goats.

#### COATTIERD

I darst not, Shepherd, O I durst not pipe At noontide, fearing Pan, who at that hour Rests from the toils of hunting Harsh is he; Wrath at his nostrils age sits sentinel But. Thyrsis, thou caust sing of Danhuis' woes: High is thy name for woodland minstrelsy. Then rest we in the shadow of the elm Fronting Prianus and the Fountain nymnks. There, where the oaks are and the Shepherd's seat, Sing as thou sang'st erewhile, when matched with him Of Labys, Chromis, and I'll give thee, first, To milk, ay thrice, a goat-she suckles twins. Yet ne'ertheless can fill two milkpails full,-Next, a deep drinking-cup, with sweet wax scoured, Two handled, newly-carven, smacking yet O' the chisel. Ivy reaches up and chmbs About its lip, gilt here and there with sprays Of woodbine, that enwreathed about it flaunts Her saffron fruitage. Framed therein appears A damsel ('tis a miracle of art) In robe and snood and suitors at her side With locks fair-flowing, on her right and left,

Battle with words that fail to reach her heart
She, laughing, glances now on this, flings now
Her chance regards on that they, all for love
Wearied and eye swoln find their labour lost
Carven elsewhere an ancient fisher stands
On the rough rocks therefor the old man with pains
Drags his great casting net as one that toils

wearied and eye swom and their labour lost Carron elsewhere an ancient fisher stands On the rough rocks thereto the old man with Drags his great casting not as one that toils Full stoatly every fibre of his frame Seems fishing, so about the gray heard a neck (In might a youngster yet) the sinews swell Hard by that wave beat aire a vineyard bends Beneath its graceful load of burnished grapes, A boy sits on the rude fence watching them Near him two foxes down the rows of grapes One ranging steals the ripest one assails

With wiles the poor lads scrip to leave him soon Stranded and supperless. He plaits meanwhile With ears of corn a right fine cricket trap, And fits at on a rush for vines for scrip, Little he cares, enamoured of his toy

The cup is hung all round with lissom briar, Triumph of Æolian art, a wondrous sight It was a ferryman's of Calydon

A goat it cost me and a great white cheese Ne'er yet my lips came near it, virgin still It stands And welcome to such boon art thou, If for my sake thou'lt sing that lay of lays I jest not up, lad, sing no songs thou'lt own In the dim land where all things are forgot

## THYRSIS [sings]

Begin, sucet Maids, begin the woodland song The voice of Thyrsis Ætias a Thyrsis I Where were ye, Nymphs, oh where, while Daphins pined?

For great Anapus' stream was not your haunt, Nor Ættna's chiff nor Acis' sacred rill Legin, succet Maids, begin the woodland song O'er him the wolves, the jackals howled o'er him, The hon in the oak-cope mourned his death

In fair Peneus' or in Pindus' glens'

Begin, sucet Vails, begin the woodland song
The kine and oven stood around his feet,
The beliers and the calves wailed all for him
Begin, sucet Maids, begin the woodland song
First from the mountain Hermes came, and said.

First from the mountain Hermes came, sud said,
"Daphnis, who frets thee? Lad, whomlor'st thou so?"
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song

Came herdsmen, shepherds came, and goatherds came, All acked what ailed the lad Priapus came And said, "Why pine, poor Daphnis? while the maid Foots it round overy pool and every grove, (Begin, sueet Maids, begin the woodland song)
"O lack-love and perverse, in quest of thee,
Hordsman in name, but goatherd righther called

With eyes that yearn the goatherd marks his kids Run riot, for he fain would frisk as they.

(Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song)
"With oyee that yearn dost thou too mark the laugh
Of maides, for thou may st not share their glee"
Still naught the herdsman said he drained along
His bitter portion, till the fatal end

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song Came Aphrodite, simles on her sweet face, False smiles, for heavy was her heart, and spala, "So, Daphins, thou must try a fall with Love! But stalwart Love hath won the fall of thee"

Begin, sucet Vaide, begin the wooldand song. Then "Ruthless Aphrodite," Daphnis said, "Accursed Aphrodite, foo to man! Say'at thou mine hour is come, my sun hath set? Dead as alive, shall Daphnis work Love woe "Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song "Fly to Mount Ida, where the swam (men say) And Aphroditè—to Anchiess fly There are oak forests, here but galingale, And bees that make a music round the hives

d bees that make a music round the hives Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song 6

"Adons owed his bloom to tending flocks
And smiting hares, and bringing wild beasts down
Begin, succet. Maids, legin the scoolland son;
"Face once more Domed tall him 'I have slown

"Face once more Diomed tell him 'I have shin The herdsman Daphnis, now I challenge thee'

Begin, sweet Wards, begin the woodland song
"Farewell, wolf, jacksi, mountain prisoned bear!

Ye'll see no more by grove or glade or gien
Your herdaman Daphnis! Arethuse farewell,
And the bright streams that nour down Thembers' sid

And the bright streams that pour down Thymbris' side Begin, sweet Maids begin the woodland song "I am that Daphins, who lead here my kine, Bring here to drink my oxen and my calves

Begin, sweet Mands, begin the w olland rong
"Pan, Pan, oh whether great Lyceum's crags
Thou hann'st to day, or mighter Manalus,
Come to the Sicel isle! Abandon now
Phum and Helice, and the mountain carr

(That e'en gods cherish) of Lycaon's son!

Forget, sweet Mauds, forget your woodland song
"Come, king of song, o'er this my pipe, compact
With wax and honey breathing, arch thy lip
For surely I am torn from life by Love

Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song "From thicket now and thorn let violets spring, Now let white likes drape the jumper, And pines grow figs, and nature all go wrong: For Daphnis dies Let deer pursue the hounds, And mountain-owls outsing the mightingale

Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song "

So spake he, and he never spake again Pain Aphrodite would have raised his head; But all his thread was spun So down the stream Went Daphnis. closed the waters o'er a head Dear to the Nine, of nymphs not unbeloved Now give me gort and cup, that I may milk The one, and pour the other to the Muse l'are ye well, Muses, o'er and o'er farewell! I'll sing strains lovelier yet in days to bo.

COATHERD

Thyrsis, let honey and the honeycomb Fill thy sweet mouth, and figs of Agalus-For ne'er cicala trilled so sweet a song. Here is the cup mark, friend, how sweet it smells: The Hours, thou'lt say, have washed it in their well. Hither, Cissethal Thou, go milk her! Kids, Bo steady, or your pranks will rouse the ram,

# IDVLL II

#### The Sorreress.

WHERE are the bay-leaves, Thestylis, and the charms?

Fetch all, with fiery wool the caldron crown, Let glamour win me back my false lord's heart'

Twelve days the wretch bath not come nigh to me, Nor made enquiry if I die or hye.

Nor clamoured (oh unkindness!) at my door.

Sore his swift fancy wanders otherwhere.

The slave of Aphrodite and of Love.

I'll off to Timagetus' wrestling-school

At dawn, that I may see him and denounce

His doings, but I'll charm him now with charms,

So shine out fair, O moon! To thee I sing

My soft low song to thee and Hecate

The dweller in the shades, at whose approach

The dweller in the shades, at whose approach

E'en the dogs quake, as on she moves through blood

And darkness and the barrows of the slain All hail, dread Hecatè companion me

companion me

Unto the end, and work me witcheries Potent as Circe or Medea wrought, Or Perimede of the golden hair!

Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love First we ignite the grain Nay, pile it on

Where are thy wits flown, timorous Thestylis? Shall I be flouted, I, by such as thou?

Pile, and still say, 'This pile is of his bones'

Turn, manie wheel, draw homeward him I love Delphis racks me I burn him in these bays

As, flame enkindled, they lift up their voice, Blaze once, and not a trace is left behind

So waste his flesh to powder in you fire! Turn, manie wheel, draw homeward I im I love

E'en as I melt, not uninspired, the wax.

May Mindian Delphis melt this hour with love And, swiftly as this brazen wheel whirls round. May Aphrodite whirl him to my door

Turn, manic wheel, draw homeward him I love Next burn the husks Hell's adamentine floor

And aught that else stands firm can Artems move Thestylis, the hounds bay up and down the town The goddess stands i' the crossroads sound the gongs Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love

Hushed are the voices of the winds and seas. But O not hushed the voice of my despair

He borns my being up, who left me here No wife, no maiden, in my misery

Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love fbrice I pour out, speak thrice, sweet mistress, thus "What face soe'er hangs o'er him be forgot Clean as, in Dia, Theseus (legends say)

Forgat his Ariadne s locks of love " Turn, many wheel draw homeward him I love The coltsfoot grows in Arcady, the weed That drives the mountain colts and swift mares wild Inke them may Delphis rave so maniac wise, Pace from his hirmished brethren home to me

Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward in I lose He lost this tassel from his robe which I Shred thus, and cast it on the raling flames Ab baleful Love! why like the marsh born leech. Char to my flesh, and drain my dark veins dry?

Turn magic wheel draw home card him I lose From a crushed oft to-morrow he shall dend Death! But now, Thestylis take these herbs and smear That threshold o'er, whereto at heart I chug Still, still-albeit he thinks scorn of me-And spit, and say, ' Tis Delphis' bones I smear '

Turn, magic wheel, draw howeward him I love Exit Thestulis

Now, all alone, I'll weep a love whence sprung
When born? Who wrought my sorrow? Anaxo came,
Her basket in her hand, to Artemis' grove
Bound for the festival, troops of forest beasts
Stood round, and in the midst a homes

Belinii. thee, mistress Moon, whence came my lore Theucharidas' slave, my Thracian nurse now dead Then my near neighbour, prayed me and implored To see the pageant. I, the poor doomed thing, Went with her, training a fine silken train,

And gathering round me Clearista's robe

Bellink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love

Now, the mid highway reached by Lycon's farm,

Delphis and Eudamippus passed me by

With beards as lustrous as the woodbine's gold

And breasts more sheemy than thyself, O Moon,

Fresh from the wrestler's glorious toil they came

Bellink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love

Bethink thee, matriess Moon, whence came my love I saw, I raved, smit (weaking) to my heart My beauty withered, and I cared no more For all that pomp, and how I gained my home I know not some strange fever wasted me Ten mights and days I lay upon my bed

Bethink thee, matress Moon, whence came my love And wan became my flesh, as 't had been dyed, And all my hair streamed off, and there was left But bones and skin Whose threshold crossed I not, Or mussed what grandam's hut who dealt in charms? For no light thing was this, and time sped on

Bethink thee, mistrees Woon, whence came my love At last I spake the truth to that my maid "Seek, an thou caust, some cure for my sore pain

Alas, I am all the Mindian a! But begone, And watch by Timagetus' wrestling school

And watch by Timagetus' wresting sensor.

There doth he hann, there soothly take his rest.

Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love

"Ind him nione nod softly say, "she waits",

And bring him 'So I spake she went her way, And brought the lastrous limbed one to my roof And I, the instant I beheld him step Lightfooted o'er the threshold of my door, (Bellink like mistress Hoon whence came my lov

(Bethink thee mistress Voon whence came my love,)
Became all cold like snow and from my brow
Brake the damp dewdrops utterance I had none,
Not o'en such utterance as a babe may make
That babbles to its mother in its dreims.

But all my fair frame stiffened into wax

Bellink thee mistress Moon, we ence came my love.

He beut his pittless eyes on mo, looked down,

And sate him on my couch and string, said.

He beat his pitiless eyes on mo, looked down, And sate him on my couch, and sitting, said "Thou hast gaused on me, Simætha, (e'en as I Gained once on young Philinus in the race.) Bidding me hither ere I came masked Bethink thee, mistress Moon whence came my love

" For I had come, by Eros I had come, This night, with comrades twain or may be more.

The fruitage of the Wine god in my robe, And, wound about my brow with ribands red, The silver leaves so dear to Heracles

Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love "Had ye said 'Enter,' well for, 'mid my peers

High is my name for goodliness and speed I had kissed that sweet mouth once and gone my way But had the door been barred, and I thrust out, With brand and axe would we have stormed ye then Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love

' Now be my thanks recorded, first to Love. Next to thee, maiden, who didst plack me out. A half hurned helpless creature, from the flames.

And badst me hither It is Love that lights A fire more fierce than his of Lipara (Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love) "Scares, mischief mad, the maiden from her bower, The bride from her warm couch ' He spake and I.

A willing listener, sat, my hand in his, Among the cushious, and his cheek touched mine, Each hotter than its wont, and we discoursed In soft low language Need I prate to thee.

Sweet Moon, of all we said and all we di i? Till vesterday he found no fault with me. Nor I with him But lo, to day there came Philists's mother-bers who flutes to me-With her Melampo's, just when up the sky Gallop the mares that chariot rose lumbed Dawn And divers tales she brought me with the rest How Delphis loved, she knew not rightly whom But this she knew, that of the rich wine ave He poured 'to Love, 'and at the last had fled,

To line, she deemed, the fair one's halls with flowers Such was my visitor s tale, and it was true For thrice, pay four times, daily he would stroll Hither, leave here full oft his Doman flash Now-'tis a fortnight since I saw his face Doth he then treasure something sweet elsewhere? Am I forgot? I'll charm him now with charms But let him try me more, and by the Fates He'll soon be knocking at the gates of hell Spells of such power are in this chest of mine. Learned, lady, from mine host in Palestine

Lady, farewell turn ocean ward thy steeds As I have purposed, so shall I fulfil Farewell, thou bright-faced Moon! Ye stars, farewell, That wait upon the car of noiseless Night

## IDVLL III.

# The Berenabe.

I PIPE to Amaryllis while my goats,
Tityrus their guardian, browse along the fell O Tityrus, as I love thee, feed my goats And lead them to the spring, and Tityrus, 'ware The lifted crest of you gray Libyan rain Ah winsome Amaryllis! Why no more Greet'st thou thy darling, from the caverned rock Peeping all covly? Think'st thou scorn of him? Hath a near view revealed him satyr-shaped Of chin and nostril? I shall hang me soon See here ten apples from thy favourite tree I plucked them I shall bring ten more anon. Ah witness my heart-anguish! Oh wore I A booming bee, to wast me to thy lair. Threading the fern and my in whose depths Thou nestlest! I have learned what Love is now: Fell god, he drank the honess's mik, In the wild woods his mother cradled him.

Whose fire slow burns me, smiting to the bone O thou whose glance is beauty and whose heart All marble O dark eyebrowed maiden mine! Cling to thy goatherd, let him kiss thy lips, For there is awcetness in an empty kiss Then wilt not? Piecemeal I will rend the crown. The 144-crown which, dear, I guard for thee, Inwov'n with scented pareley and with flowers Oh I am desperate-what betides me, what?-Still art thou deaf? I'll doff my coat of skins And leap into you waves, where on the watch For mackerel Olpis sits the I 'scape death. That I have all but died will pleasure thee That learned I when (I murmuring 'loves she me?') The Lave-in absence, crushed, returned no sound, But shrank and shrivelled on my smooth young wrist I learned it of the sieve-divining crone Who gleaned behind the reapers vesterday. 'Thou'rt wrapt up all,' Agraia said, ' in her. She makes of none account her worshipper '

Lol a white goat, and twins, I keep for thee-Mermon's lass covets them dark she is of skin: But yet hers be they, thou but foolest me She cometh, by the quivering of mine eye

I'll lean against the pine-tree here and sing She may look round she is not adamant [Sings] Hippomenes, when he a maid would wed, Took apples in his hand and on he sped Famed Atalanta's heart was won by this, She marked, and maddening sank in Love's abyss

From Othrys did the seer Melampus stray To Pylos with his herd and lo there lay In a swain s arms a maid of beauty rare, Alphesiboza, wise of heart, she bare

Did not Adons rouse to such excess
Of frenzy her whose name is Loveliness,
(He a mere lad whose wethers grazed the hill)
That, dead, he s pillowed on her bosom still?

Endymon sleeps the sleep that changeth not And, maiden mine, I envy him his lot! Envy Iasion's his it was to gain Biss that I dare not breathe in ears profane

My head aches What reck'st thou? I sing no

more
E'en where I fell I'll he, until the wolves
Rend me—may that be honey in thy mouth!

## INVEL IV

# The Werdsmen

EATTES, CORVDON

### BATTER

WHO owns these cattle Corydon? Philondas?

### CORTDON

No, Ægon and he gave them me to tend while he's away

### BATTUN

Dost milk them in the gloaming, when none is nigh to see?

### CORYDON

The old man brings the calves to suck, and keeps an ere on me

### BATTUS.

And to what region then hath flown the cattle's rightful lord?

### CORVION

Hast thou not heard? With Milo he vanished Elisward.

### BATTUS.

How! was the wrestler's oil e'er yet so much as seen by him?

### CORYDON

Men say he rivals Heracles in lustiness of limb.

### BATTUS

I'm Polydeuces' match (or so my mother says) and more.

### CORYDON.

-So off he started, with a spade, and of these ewes a score.

# BATTUS

This Milo will be teaching wolves how they should rayen next

### CORYDON

—And by these bellowings his kine proclaim how sore they're vexed. 20 IDYLL IV

### BATTES

Poor kine! they've found their master a sorry knave

### CORYDON

They're poor enough, I grant you they have not heart to feed

## BATTCB

Look at that herfer! sure there's naught, save bare bones, left of her

Pray, does she browse on dewdrops, as doth the grasshopper?

### CORTRON

Not she, by heaven! She pastures now by Æsarus'

And handfuls fair I pluck her there of young and green grass-blades,

Now bounds about Latymnus, that gathering place of shades.

### BATTUR

That bull again, the red one, my word but he is lean!

I wish the Sybarite burghers are may offer to the

queen
Of heaven as putiful a beast those burghers are so

meanl

### CORYDON

Yet to the Salt Lake's edges I drave him, I can swear, Up Physcus, up Neæthus' side-he lacks not victual there.

With dittiny and endive and forglove for his fare

## PATTLS

Well, well! I pity Ægon His cattle, go they must To rack and ruin, all because vain glory was his lust The pipe that erst be fashioned is doubtless scored with rist?

### CORYDON

Nay, by the Nymphs! That pipe he left to me, the self same day

He made for Pisa I am too a minstrel in my way Well the flute part in ' Pyrrhus' and in ' Glauca' can

I play

I sing too 'Here's to Croton' and ' Zacynthus O 'tis farr.'

And 'Eastward to Lacinium' -the braiser Milo there His single self ate eighty loaves, there also did he pull Down from its mountain dwelling, by one hoof grasped,

a bull. And gave it Amaryllis the maidens screamed with

fright. As for the owner of the ball he only laughed outright TOYLL IV

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### RATTUS

Sweet Amaryllis! thou alone, though dead, art unforgot

Dearer than thou, whose light is quenched, my very goats are not Oh for the all-unkindly fate that's fallen to my lot!

### CORVIDOR

Cheer up, brave lad! to-morrow may ease thee of thy pain

Aye for the living are there hopes, past hoping are the slare

And now Zeus sends us sunshine, and now he sends us rain

# BATTUS

I'm better Beat those young ones off! E'en now their teeth attack

That olive's shoots, the graceless brutes! Back, with your white face, back !

### COETDOA

Back to thy hill, Cymaetha! Great Pan, how deaf thou art!

I shall be with thee presently, and in the end thou'lt

smart

1

- I warn thee keep thy distance Look, up she creeps again!
- Oh were my hare crook in my hand, I'd give it to her

### BATTLS

- For heaven's sake, Corydon, look here! Just now a bramble spike
- Ran, there, into my instep—and oh how deep they strike,

  Those lancewood shafts! A murrain light on that
  - calf, I say!
    I got it gaping after her Canst thou discern it, pray?

CORYDON

Ay, ay, and here I have it, safe in my finger nails

### BATTUS

Eh! at how slight a matter how tall a warrior quails!

# CORYDON

- Ne'er range the hill crest, Battus, all sandal less and
- Because the thistle and the thorn lift age their plame?

—Say, Corydon, does that old man we wot of (tell me please!)

me please!)
Still haunt the dark browed little girl whom once he
used to tease?

CORYDON

Ay my poor boy, that doth he I saw them yesterday

Down by the byre, and, trust me, loving enough were they

Well done, my veteran light o' love! In deeming

thee mere man,

I wronged thy are some Satyr he, or an unconth-

I wronged thy are some Satyr he, or an unconthnumber Par

# IDYLL V

# The Battle of the Bards

# COMATAS LACOV HORSOV

# COMATAS

COATS, from a shepherd who stands here, from Lacon, keep away Sibvrtas owns him, and he stole my goatskin vesterday

### LACON

Hi! lambs! avoid you fountain Have ye not eyes to see

Comatas, him who filched a pipe but two days back from me?

### COMATAR

Sibyrtas' bondsman own a pipe? whence got at thou that and how?

Tootling through straws with Corydon mayhap's beneath thee now?

## LACON

"Twas Lycon's gift, your highness Bat pray,
Comatas, say,
What is that skin wherewith thou saidst that Lacon

walked away?

Why, thy lord's self had ne'er a skin whereon his

limbs to lay

### COMATAS

The skin that Crocylus gave me, a dark one streaked
with white,

The day he slew his she goat Why, thou wert ill

with spite,

Then, my false friend, and thou would'st end by
beggaring me quite.

# LACOY

Did Lacon, did Calathis son purloin a goatskin? No, By Pan that haunts the sea beach! Lad, if I served thee so,

thee so,
Crazed may I drop from you bill top to Crathis' stream
below!

COMATAS

Nor pape of thine, good fellow—the Ladies of the Lake
So be still kind and good to me—did e'er Comatas take

### LACON

- Be Daphnis' wees my portion, should that my credence
- Still, if thou list to stake a kid—that surely were no sin—
- Come on, I'll sing it out with thee—until thou givest in

### COMATAN

- 'The hog he braved Athene' As for the kid, 'tis there
  You stake a lamb against him—that fat one—if you
  - dare

# LACON

- Fox! were that fair for either? At shearing who'd prefer
- Horsehair to wool? or when the goat stood handy, suffer her
- To nurse her firstling, and himself go milk a blatant cur?

### COMATAS

- The same who deemed his hornet's-buzz the true cicala's note,
- And braved—like you—his better And so forsooth you vote
- you vote My kid a trifle? Then come on, fellow! I stake the

coat

IDVLL V

# LACON

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Why be so hot? Art thou on fire? First prythec take thy seat

'Neath this wild woodland olive thy tones will sound

Here falls a cold rill drop by drop, and green grass blades uprear

Their heads, and fallen leaves are thick, and locusts prattle here

# COMATAB

Hot I am not but hurt I am, and sorely, when I think That thou canst look me in the face and never bleach

nor blank....
Me, thine own boyhood's tutor' Go, train the she-

Me, thine own boyhood's tutor' Go, train the she wolf's brood

Train dogs—that they may rend thee! This, this is gratitude!

# TYCOA

When learned I from thy practice or thy preaching aught that's right,

Thou puppet, thou misshapen lump of ughness and spite?

COMATAS
When? When I beat thee, wailing sore you goats

looked on with clee.

And bleated, and were dealt with e'en as I had dealt with thee

### TACON

Well, hunchback, shallow be thy grave as was thy judgment then !

But hither, hither! Thou'lt not dip in herdsman's lore again

### COMATAS

Nay, here are caks and galingale the hum of housing bees

Makes the place pleasant and the birds are piping in the trees

And here are two cold streamlets, here deeper sha dows fall

Than you place owns, and look what cones drop from the pinetree tall

### LACON

- Come hither, and tread on lambswool that is soft as any dream
- Still more unsavoury than thyself to me thy goatskins seem
- Here will I plant a bowl of milk, our ladies' grace to win.
  - And one, as huge, beside it, sweet olive oil therein

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### COMATAS

Come hither, and trample dainty fern and poppyblossom sleep

On goatskins that are softer than thy fleeces piled three deep

Here will I plant eight milkpails, great Pan's regard to gain, Round them eight cups full honoycombs shall every

cup contain

LACON

Well' there essay thy woodcraft thence fight me, never budge

From thine own oak, e'en have thy way But who

shall be our judge?

Oh, if Lycopas with his kine should chance this way

Oh, if Lycopas with his kine should chance this way to trudge!

### COMATAS

Nay, I want no Lycopas But hall you woodsman, do
'Tis Morson—see! his arms are full of bracken—
there, by you

PYCOR

# COMATAS Ay, you hail him

### LACON

Friend, 'twill not take thee long We're striving which is master, we twain, in woodland song

And thou, my good friend Morson, ne'er look with favouring eyes

On me, nor yet to yonder lad be fain to judge the prize

### COMATAS

Nay, by the Nymphs, sweet Morson, ne'er for Comatas' sake Stretch thou a point, nor e'er let him undue advan

tage take Sibyrtas owns you wethers, a Thurian is he

l xod

And here, my friend, Eumares' goats, of Sybans, you

### LACON

And who asked thee, thou naughty knave, to whom belonged these flocks,

belonged these flocks, Sibyrtas, or (it might be) me? Eh, thou'rt a chatterIDYLL V.

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### COMATAS.

The simple trath, most worshipful, is all that I allege:
I'm not for bossting. But thy wit hath all too keen
an edge.

### LACOY.

Come sing, if singing's in thee-and may our friend get back

To town alive! Heaven help us, lad, how thy tongue doth clack!

# COMATAS. [Sings]

Daphnis the mighty minstrel was less precious to the

Than I. I offered yesterday two kids upon their shrine.

# LACON, [Sings]

Ay, but Apollo fancies me hugely for him I rear A lordly ram: and, look you, the Carnival is near,

### COMATAS,

Twin kids hath every goat I milk, save two. My maid, my own,

Eyes me and asks 'At milking time, rogue, art thou all alone?'

### TACON

Go to! nigh twenty bashets doth Lacon fill with

Hath time to woo a sweetheart too upon the b

### COMMENTAR

Clarissa pelts her goatherd with apples, should he By with his goats, and pouts her hip in a c charming way

### LACON

Me too a darling smooth of face notes as I tend ; flocks

How maddeningly o'er that fair neck shining locks!

### COMATAS

The rose that blooms by garden walls still is for me

### LACON

The acorns' cups are fair, their taste is and still

I'll choose, for honeysweet are they, the apples of hill IDILL V

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# CONATAS A cushat I will presently procure and give to her

Who loves me I know where it sits, up in the juniper

# LACON Pooh! a soft fleece to make a coat, I'll give the day

I shear
My brindled ewe—(no hand but mine shall touch it)—
to my dear

### COWATAS

Back, lambs, from that wild olive and be content to browse

Here on the shoulder of the hill, beneath the myrtle boughs.

# t.teoy

Run, (will yo?) Ball and Dogatar, down from that oak tree, run

And feed where Spot 13 feeding, and catch the morn ing sun

### .....

COMATAS

I have a bowl of cypress wood I have besides a cup
Praxiteles designed them for her they re treasured up

### THE BAITLE OF THE BARDS

### LACON

- I have a dog who throttles wolves he loves the sheep, and they
- Love him I ii give him to my dear, to keep wild beasts at bay

### COMATAS

- Ye locusts that o'erleap my fence, oh let my vines escape
- Your clutches, I beseech you the bloom is on the grape

### LACON

- Ye crickets, mark how nettled our friend the goal herd is!
- I ween, ye cost the reapers pangs as scute

### COMATAB

- Those foxes with their bushy tails, I hate to see them crawl
- Round Micon's homestead and purloin his grapes at evenfall

# LACON

- I hate to see the beetles that come warping on the wind,
- And climb Philondas trees, and leave never a fg behind

IDVLL V.

\*\*

### COMATAS

Have you forgot that cudgelling I gave you? At each stroke

You grinned and twisted with a grace, and clung to youder oak.

### LA: OY

That I've forgot-but I have not, how once Eumares tied

You to that self-ame oak trunk, and tanned your unclean hide

# COMATAS

There's some one ill-of heartburn You note it, I pre-ume,

Morson? Go quick, and fetch a squill from some old beldam's tomb.

### LACON

I think I'm stinging somebody, as Morson too perceives—

perceives—
Go to the river and dig up a clump of sowbread leaves

# COMATAB

rash

May Himera flow, not water, but milk and may'st thou blush,

thou blush, Crathis, with wine, and fruitage grow upon every

### THE BAITLE OF THE BARDS

### PYCOA

- For me may Sybaris' fountain flow, pure honey so that you,
- My fair, may dip your pitcher each morn in honey dew

# COMATAS

- My goats are fed on clover and goats delight they tread
- On lentisk leaves, or he them down, ripe strawberries o'er their head

### PYCOA

- My sheep crop honeysuckie bloom while all around them blows
- In clusters rich the jes nine, as brave as any rove

# SATAKOO

- I scorn my maid, for when she took my cushat, she
- Draw with both hands my face to hers and kiss me on the spot

### LACON

- I love my love, and hugely for, when I gave my flute.
- I was rewarded with a kiss, a loving one to boot

# Lacon, the nightingale should scarce be challenged by

Nor swan by hoopoe but, poor boy, thou are wert for a fray

### MORSON

I bid the shepherd hold his peace. Comatas unto you I, Morson, do adjudge the lamb. You if first make

offering due
Unto the nymphs then savoury mest you'll send to
Morson too

# COMATAS

By Pan I will! Snort, all my herd of he goats I shall now
Oer Lucon shepherd as he is crow ve shall soon see

how
I've won, and I could leap sky high! Ye also dance
and skip

My horned ewes in Sybaris' fount to morrow all shall dip

dip

Ho 1 you sir, with the glossy coat and dangerous
creet, you dare

creet, you dare
Look ataswe, till Lave sian my lamb, and ill you'll fare.
What! is he at his tricks again? He is and he will get
(Or my name's not Comatas) a proper pounding yet

# IDYLL VI

# The Drawn Battle.

# DAPHNIS DAMETAS

DAPHNIS the herdsman and Damotas once Had driven, Aratus, to the selfsame glen One chin was yellowing, one shewed half a beard And by a brookside on a summer noon The pair sat down and sang, but Daphnis led The song, for Daphnis was the challenger

### DAPHNIS

"See! Galatea pelts thy flock with fruit,
And calls their master 'Lack-love,' Polypheme
Thou mark'st her not, blind, blind, but pipest aye
Thy wood notes See again, she smites thy dog
Sea ward the fleeced flocks' sentinel peers and barks,
And, through the clear wave visible to her still,
Careers along the gently babbling beach
Look that he lean not on the maid new risen

From her sea-bath and rend her dainty limbs She fools thee, near or far, like thistle warfs In hot sweet summer flies from thee when wooed, Unwooed pursues thee risks all mores to win, For, Polypheme, things foul seem fair to Love"

And then, due prelude made, Damoetas sang.

### DAMGETAS

"I marked her pelt my dog, I was not blind, By Pan, by this my one my precious eye Timt hounds my vision now and everinore! But Telemus the Seer, be his the woe, His and his children's, that he promised me! Yet do I too tease her, I pass her by, Pretend to woo another -and she hears (Heaven help mel) and is faint with realousy. And hurrying from the sea-wave as if stung, Scans with Leen glance my grotto and my flock. Twas I bissed on the dog to bark at her, For, when I loved her, he would whine and lay His muzzle in her lap These things she'll note Mayhap, and message send on message soon But I will bar my door until she swear To make me on this isle fare heidel hed And I am less unlovely than men say

I looked into the mere (the mere was calm), And goodly seemed my beard and goodly seemed My solitary eye, and, half revealed, My teeth gleamed whiter than the Parian marl Thrice for good luck I spat upon my robe That learned I of the hag Cottytaris-her Who fluted lately with Hippocoon's mowers "

Damætas then Lissed Daphnis lovingly One gave a pipe and one a goodly flute Straight to the shepherd a flute and herdsman's pipe

The younglings bounded in the soft green grass And neither was o'ermatched, but matchless both

# TOYLL VII

### Warbest. Dome

O NCE on a time did Eucritus and I
(With us Amyntas) to the riverside Steal from the city For Lycopeus' sons Were that day busy with the harvest home. Antigenes and Phrasidemus, aprung (If aught thou holdest by the good old names) By Clytia from great Chalcon-bim who erst Planted one stalwart knee against the rock. And lo, beneath his foot Burine's rill Brake forth, and at its side poplar and elm Shewed aisles of pleasant shadow, greenly roofed By tufted leaves Scarce midway were we now. Nor yet descried the tomb of Brasilas When, thanks be to the Muses, there drew near A wayfarer from Crete, young Lycidas The borned herd was his care a glance might tell So much - for every inch a herdeman he

Slung o'er his shoulder was a ruddy hide Torn from a he goat, shaggy, tangle barred, That reeked of rennet yet a broad belt clasped A patched cloak round his breast, and for a staff A gnarled wild olive bough his right hand bore Soon with a quiet smile he spoke-his eye Twinkled, and laughter sat upon his hip "And whither ploddest thou thy weary way Beneath the noontide sun, Simichidas? For now the lizard sleeps upon the wall, The crested lark folds now his wandering wing Dost speed, a bidden guest, to some reveller a board? Or townward to the treading of the grape? For lol recoiling from thy hurrying feet The payement stones ring out right merrily " Then I "Friend Lycid, all men say that none Of havmakers or herdsmen is thy match At piping and my soul is glad thereat Yet, to speak sooth, I think to rival thee Now look, this road holds holiday to-day For banded brethren solemnise a feast To richly dight Demeter, thanking her For her good gifts since with no grudging hand

Hath the boon goddess filled the wheaten floors So come the way, the day, is thine as mine Try we our woodcraft—each may learn from each I am, as thou, a clarion voice of song, All hall me chief of minstrels But I am not, Heaven knows, o'ercredulous no, I scarce can yet (I think) outvie Philetas, nor the bard Of Samos, champion of Sicilian song They are as cicadas challenged by a frog "

I spake to gain mine ends and laughing light He said "Accept this club as thou'rt indeed A born truth teller, shaped by heaven's own hand! I hate your builders who would rear a house High as Oromedon s mountain pinnacle I hate your song-birds too, whose cuckoo-cry Struggles (in vain) to match the Chian bard But come, we'll sing forthwith, Simichidas, Our woodland music and for my part I-Last, comrade, if you like the simple air I forged among the unlands vesterday

[Sings] Safe be my true love convoyed o'er the main To Mitylend-though the southern blast Chase the lithe wayes, while westward slant the Kids. Or low above the verge Orion stand-If from Love's furnace she will rescue me, For Lycidas is parched with hot desire Let haleyons lay the sea waves and the winds.

Northwind and Westwind, that in shores far-off Flutters the seaweed-halovons, of all birds Whose prey is on the waters, held most dear By the green Nereids wea let all things smile On her to Mitylene voyaging, And in fair harbour may she ride at last I on that day, a chaplet woven of dill Or rose or simple violet on my brow, Will draw the wine of Pteleas from the cask Stretched by the ingle They shall roast me beans, And elbow deep in thyme and asphodel And quaintly curling parsley shall be piled My bed of rushes, where in royal ease I sit and, thinking of my darling, drain With stedfast hp the houor to the dregs I'll have a pair of pipers, shepherds both. This from Acharne, from Lycope that, And Titvrus shall be near me and shall sing How the swain Daphnis loved the stranger maid, And how he ranged the fells, and how the oaks (Such oaks as Himera's banks are green withal) Sang dirges o'er him waning fast away Lake snow on Athos, or on Hæmus high, Or Rhodopė, or utmost Caucasus And he shall sing me how the big chest held (All through the manuse malice of his lord)

A living goatherd how the round faced bees, Lured from their meadow by the cedar smell Fed him with daintiest flowers, because the Muse Had made his throat a well spring of sweet song Happy Comatas, this sweet lot was thine! Thee the chest prisoned, for thee the honey bees Toiled, as thou slavedst out the mellowing year And oh hadst thou been numbered with the quick In my day! I had led thy pretty goats

About the hill side, listening to thy voice While thou hadst laid thee down neath oak or nine. Divine Comatas, warbling pleasantly " He spake and paused, and thereupon spake I "I too, friend Lycid, as I ranged the fells, Have learned much lore and pleasant from the Nymph Whose fame mayhap bath reached the throne of Zeu.

But this wherewith I'll grace thee ranks the first Thou haten, since the Muses like thee well. [Sings] On me the young Loves sneezed for has less I

Am fam of Myrto as the goats of Spring But my best friend Aratus inly pines For one who loves him not Aristis saw-(A wondrous seer is he, whose lute and lay

#### HARVEST HOME

Shrined Apollo's self would scarce disdain)-How love had scorched Aratus to the bone O Pan, who hauntest Homolè's fair champugn, Bring the soft charmer, whosoe'er it be, Unbid to his sweet arms-so, gracious Pan. May ne'er thy ribs and shoulderblades be lashed With squills by young Arcadians, whensoe'er They are scant of supper! But should this my prayer Mislike thee, then on nettles mayest thou sleep, Dinted and sore all over from their claws! Then mayest thou lodge amid Edonian hills By Hebrus, in midwinter, there subsist, The Rear thy neighbour and, in summer, range With the far Æthiops 'neath the Blommyan rocks Where Nile is no more seen! But O ve Loves. Whose cheeks are like pink apples, out your homes By Hyetis, or Byblis' pleasant rill, Or fair Dione's rocky pedestal, And strike that fair one with your arrows, strike The ill starred damsel who disdains my friend. And lo, what is she but an o'er-ripe pear? The girls all cry 'Her bloom is on the wane' We'll watch, Aratus, at that porch no more. Nor waste shoe-leather. let the morning cock Crow to wake others up to numb despair! Let Molon, and none else, that ordeal brave:

While we make ease our study, and secure Some witch, to charm all evil from our door "

I ceased He, smiling sweetly as before, Garo me the staff, 'the Muses' parting gaft,' And leftward sloped tow rd Pyxa We the while Bent us to Phrasydeme s, Eucritus and I, And baby faced Amyntas there we lay Half buried in a couch of fragrant reed And fresh cut vineleaves who so glad as we? A wealth of elm and poplar shook o'er head Hard by a sacred spring flowed gurgling on From the Nymphs' grot, and in the sombre boughs The sweet creads chirped laboriously Hid in the thick thorn bushes far away The treefrog's note was heard the crested lark Sang with the goldfinch, turtles made their moan. And o'er the fountain hung the gilded bee All of rich summer smacked, of autumn all Pears at our feet, and apples at our side Rolled in luxurance, branches on the ground Sprawled, overweighed with damsons, while we

From the cash's head the crust of four long years Say, ye who dwell upon Parnassian peaks, Nymphs of Castalia, did old Chiron e'er

hrushed

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In Pholus' cavern-did as nectarous draughts Cause that Anapian shepherd, in whose hand Rocks were as pebbles, Polypheme the strong, Featly to foot it o'er the cottage lawns:--

As, ladies, ve bid flow that day for us All by Demeter's shrine at harvest-home? Beside whose cornstacks may I oft again Plant my broad fan while she stands by and smiles.

Poppies and cornsheaves on each laden arm.

### IDY LL VIII

### The Criumph of Daphnis

#### DAPHVIS REVALCAS A GOATHERD

DAPHNIS, the gentle berdsman, met once, as

Menaices making with his flock the circle of the fells.

Both chins were gilt with coming beards both lads

could sing and play
Menalcas glanced at Diphnis, and thus was heard to

eny -"Art thou for singing, Daphnis, lord of the lowing

kine?
I say my songs are better, by what thou wilt, than

thine"
Then in his turn spake Daphnis, and thus he made

reply
"O shepherd of the fleecy flock, thou pipest clear and

high,

But come what will, Menalcas, thou ne'er wilt sing

#### MENALCAS

This art thou fain to ascertain, and risk a bet with mo?

### DAPHNIS

This I full fain would ascertain, and risk a bet with thee

#### MENALCAS

But what, for champions such as we, would seem a fitting prize?

#### DAPHNIS

I stake a calf, stake thou a lamb, its mother's self in size

#### MENALCAS

A lamb I il venture never for aye at close of day

Father and mother count the flock, and passing strict are they

### DAPHNIS

Then what shall be the victor's fee? What wager wilt thou lay?

#### MENALCAS

A pipe discoursing through nine months I made, full fair to view,

The wax is white thereon, the line of this and that edge true

I'll risk it risk my father's own is more than I dare do

#### DAPHNIS

A pipe discoursing through nine mouths, and fair, hath

Daphnis too

The wax is white thereon, the line of this and that

edge true
But yesterday I made it this finger feels the pain
Still, where indeed the rifted reed bath cut it clean in

Still, where indeed the filted reed hath cut it clean in twain

But who shall be our umpire? who listen to our strain?

### MENALCAS

Suppose we hail you goatherd, him at whose horned herd now

The dog is backing-youder dog with white upon his

Then out they called the goatherd marked them, and up came he,

and up came he,

Then out they sang, the goatherd their umpre fain

would be

To shrill Menalcas' lot it fell to start the woodland lay Then Daphnis took it up And thus Menalcas led the way

#### MENALCAS

"Rivers and vales, a glorious birth! Oh if Menalcas e'er Piped aught of pleasant music in your ears Then pasture, nothing loth, his lambs, and let young

Daphnis fare

No worse, should be stray bither with his steers "

#### DAPHNIS

"Pastures and rills, a bounteous race! If Daphnis ang you e'er

Such songs as no'er from nightingale have flowed, Then to his herd your fatness lend, and let Menalcas share

Like boon, should e'er he wend along this road "

#### MENALCAS

"'Tis spring,'tis greenness everywhere, with milk the udders teem,

And all things that are young have life anew,
Where my sweet maiden wanders but parched and
withered seem,

When she departeth, lawn and shepherd too "

TOYLL VIII

DAPHNIS

" Fat are the sheep, the goats bear twins, the hives are thronged with bees.

Rises the oak beyond his natural growth, Where falls my darling's footstep but hungriness

shall serge. When she departeth, herd and herdsman both "

MENALCAS

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"Come, ram, with thy blunt muzzled kids and sleek wives at thy side. Where winds the brook by woodlands myriad-

deep There is her haunt Go, Stump horn, tell her how

Proteus phed (A god) the shepherd's trade, with seals for sheep "

DAPKINTO "I ask not gold, I ask not the broad lands of a king,

I ask not to be fleeter than the breeze. But 'neath this steep to watch my sheep, feeding as

one, and fling (Still clasping her) my carol o'er the seas "

MENALCAS "Storms are the fruit tree's bane, the brook's, a summer hot and dry . The stag's a woven net, a gin the dove's,

### THE TRIUMPH OF DAPHNIS.

A Constitution of the same of

٩

Mankind's, a soft sweet maiden Others have pined ere I

Zeus! Father! hadst not thou thy lady-loves?

Thus far, in alternating strains, the lads their wees rehearst

Then each one gave a closing stave. Thus sang Menalcas first —

#### MENALCAS

"O spare, good wolf, my weanlings! their unlky mothers spare!

Harm not the little lad that hath so many in his ci What, Fuedly, is thy sleep so deep? It ill befits

hound, Tending a boyish master's flock, to slumber over-

sound

And, wethers, of this tender grass take, nothing coy,

your fill So, when it comes, the after-math shall find you feeding

still

So! so! graze on, that ye be full, that not an udder fail

Part of the milk shall rear the lambs, and part shall fill my parl"

Then Daphnis flung a carol out, as of a nightingale -

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#### DIPRESIS

"Me from her grot but yesterday a gurl of haughty brow

Spied as I passed her with my kine, and said, "How fair art thou!"

I yow that not one bitter word in answer did I say, But, looking ever on the ground, went silently my way The heifer's voice, the heifer's breath, are passing sweet to me

And sweet is sleep by summer brooks upon the breezy lea

As acorns are the green oak s pride, apples the applebough a.

So the cow glorieth in her calf, the cowherd in his cows "

Thus the two lads, then spoke the third, sitting his goats among

#### COATHERN

### "O Daphnis, lovely is thy voice, thy music sweetly

sung, Such song is pleasanter to me than honey on my

tongue

Accept this pipe, for thou hast won And should there be some notes

my goats.

hath none Day after day she'll fill the can, until the milk o'errun " Then how the one lad laughed and leaped and

I'll give thee for thy schooling this ewe, that horns

clapped his hands for glee! A kid that bounds to meet its dam might dance as merrily

And how the other inly burned, struck down by his disgrace! A maid first parting from her home might wear as sad

a face.

country side

Thenceforth was Daphnis champion of all the And won, while yet in topmost youth, a Naiad for his berde

### IDYLL IX.

#### Dastorals

# DAPUNIS MENALCAS A SUEPHERD SHEPHERD

A SONG from Daphaus I Open he the lay,

Ho open and Menalcas follow next

While the calves suck, and writh the barren kine

The young bulls grazs, or roam knee-deep in leaves,

And no'er play trannt. But a song from thee,

#### DAPHNIS

Sweet is the chorus of the calves and line,
And sweet the herdsman's pipe But none may
yie

With Daphins, and a rush strown bed is mine

Near a cool rill, where carpeted I lie

On fair white geatskins From a bill top high

The westwind swept me down the herd entire,
Cropping the strawberries whence it comes that I
No more heed summer, with his breath of fire,
Than lovers heed the words of mother and of sire.

Thus Daphnis and Menalcas answered thus -

O Atns. mother mine! A grotto fair,

#### MENALCAS

Scooped in the rocks, have I and there I keep All that in dreams men picture! Treasured there Are multitudes of she goats and of sheep, Swathed in whose woo! from top to toe I sleep The fire that boils my pot, with oak or beech Is piled—dry beech logs when the snow lies deen.

And storm and sunshine, I disdain them each As toothless sires a nut, when broth is in their reach

I clapped applause, and straight produced my gifts A staff for Daphnis—"twas the handswork. Of nature, in my father's acres grown Yet might a turner find no fault therewith I gave his mate a goodly spiral shell We stalked its numate on the Jearan rocks And ate him, parted firefold among five He blew forthwith the trumpet on his shell.

IDYLL IX. Tell, woodland Muse-and then farewell-what song I the chance-comer, sang before those twain.

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#### SHEPHERD

Ne'er let a falsehood scarrfy my tongue! Crickets with crickets, ants with ants agree.

And hawks with hawks and music sweetly sung,

Beyond all else, is grateful unto me Filled aye with music may my dwelling be!

Not slumber, not the bursting forth of Spring So charms me, nor the flowers that tempt the bee,

As those sweet Sisters. He, on whom they fling

One gracious glance, is proof to Circe's blandishing

### IDYLL X.

#### The Two Workmen.

#### BILO BATTUS

WHAT now, poor o'erworked dradge, is on the

No more in even swathe thou layest the corn: Thy fellow-reapers leave thee far behind. As flocks a ewe that's footsore from a thorn. By noon and midday what will be thy plight

#### BATTUS

Hewn from hard rocks, untired at set of sun, Milo, didst ne'er regret some absent one?

If now, so soon, thy sickle fails to bite?

#### MILO.

Not I. What time have workers for regret?

BATTUS. Hath love ne'er kept thee from thy slumbers yet? 61

62 IDLL X.

Nay, heaven forbid! If once the cat taste cream!

BATTUS

Milo, these ten days love bath been my dream.

MILO

You drain your wine, while vinegar 's scarce with me

BATTLS

-Hence since last spring untrimmed my borders be

MILO

And what lass flouts thee?

BATTUS

She whom we heard play

Amongst Hippocoon's reapers yesterday

MILO

Your sins have found you ont-you're e'en served nght

You'll clasp a corn crake in your arms all night

BATTUS

You laugh but headstrong Love as blind no less Than Platus talking big is foolishness

#### OJIM

I talk not big But lay the corn ears low And trill the while some love song—easier so Will seem your toil you used to sing, I know

#### PATTER

Maids of Pieria, of my slim lass sing! One touch of yours ennobles everything

#### [Sings]

Fary Bombyca! thee do men report Lean, dusk, a gipsy I alone nut brown. Violets and pencilled hyacinths are swart,

Yet first of flowers they re chosen for a crown As goats pursue the clover, wolves the goat,

And cranes the ploughman, upon thee I dote
Had I hut Crossus' wealth, we twam should stand

Gold sculptured in Love's temple, thou, thy lyre
(Ay or a rose or apple) in thy hand,
I in my brave new shoon and dance attire

Farry Bombyca 1 twinking dice thy feet,
Poppies thy hps, thy ways none knows how sweet!

### MILO

Who dreamed what subtle strains our bumpkin wrought?

How shope the artist in each measured verse!

Fie on the heard that I have grown for naught! Mark, lad, these lines by glorious Lytierse

[Sings]
O rich in fruit and cornblade be this field
Tilled well. Demeter, and fair fruitage yield!

Bind the sheaves, reapers lest one, passing, say-

Let the mown swather look northward, je who mow, Or westward.—for the ears grow fattest so

Avoid a noontide nap, ve threshing men

The chaff flies thickest from the corn ears then

Wake when the lark wakes when he slumbers, close Your work, ye reapers and at noontide doze Boys the frogs' life for me ' They need not him

Who fills the flagon, for in drink they swim

Better boil herbs, thou toiler after gain,

Hetter boil herbs, thou toiler after gain,
Than, splitting cummin, split thy hand in twain.

Strains such as there, I trow, befit them well Who toil and moil when noon is at its height Thy meagre love-tale, bumphin, thou shouldst tell Thy grandam as she wakes up ere 'tis light.

### IDYLL XI.

### The Grant's Ellouing.

METHINKS all nature bath no cure for Love, Plaster or unguent, Nicias, saving one; And this is light and pleasant to a man, Yet hard withal to compass-minstrelsy. As well thou wottest, being thyself a leech, And a prime favourite of those Sisters nine. Twas thus our Grant lived a life of ease. Old Polyphemus, when, the down scarce seen On lip and chin, he woold his ocean nymph; No curlypated rose-and-apple wooer, But a fell madman, blind to all but love. Oft from the green grass foldward fared his sheep Unbid, while he upon the windy beach, Singing his Galatea, sat and pined From dawn to dusk, an ulcer at his heart: Great Aphroditè's shaft had fixed it there. Yet found he that one cure: he sate him down On the tall cliff, and seaward looked, and sang --

r.s

White as a pressed cheese, delicate as the lamb, Wild as the heafer, soft as summer grapes! If sweet sleep chain me, here thou walk'st at large;

If sweet sleep loose me, straightway thou art gone, Scared like a sheep that sees the gray wolf near I loved thee, maiden, when thou cam'st long since, To pluck the hyacinth blossom on the fell,

Thou and my mother, piloted by me I saw thee, see thee still, from that day forth

For ever, but 'tis naught, sy naught, to theo. I know, sweet maiden, why thou art so coy. Shaggy and huge, a single eyebrow spans From ear to car my forehead, whence one eve Gleams, and an o'erbroad nostril tops my hp. Yet I, this monster, feed a thousand sheen That yield me sweetest draughts at milking-tide: In summer, autumn, or midwinter, still

Fails not my cheese, my milkpail ave o'erflows Then I can pipe as ne'er did Giapt vot. Singing our loves-ours, honey, thine and mine-At dead of night and hinds I rear eleven (Each with her fawn) and bearcubs four, for thee. Oh come to me-thou shalt not rue the day-And let the mad seas beat against the shore! 'Twere sweet to haunt my cave the livelong night: Laurel, and oppress tall, and any dun,
And mes of sumptuous fruitage, all are thereAnd a cold spring that pine clad Ætna flings
Down from the white snow's midst, a draught for gods!
Who would not change for this the ocean-waves?

"But thou mishk'st my hair" Well, oaken logs Are here, and embers yet aglow with fire Burn (if thou wilt) my heart out, and mine eye. Mine only eye wherein is my delight Oh why was I not born a finny thing, To float unto thy side and kiss thy hand, Denied thy lips-and bring thee lilies white And crimson petalled poppies' dainty bloom! Nay-summer hath his flowers and autumn his, I could not bring all these the self-ame day Lo. should some mariner hither car his road. Sweet, he shall teach me straightway how to swim. That haply I may learn what bliss ye find In your sea-homes O Galatca, come Forth from you waves, and coming forth forget (As I do, sitting here) to get thee home And feed my flocks and milk them, nothing loth,

"The blame's my mother's, she is filse to me, Spake thee ne'er yet one sweet word for my sake,

And nour the rennet in to fix my cheese!

Though day by day she sees me pine and pine. I'll feign strange throbbings in my head and feet To anguish her-as I am anguished now "

O Cyclops, Cyclops, where are flown thy wits?

Go plant rush-baskets, lop the olive-boughs To feed thy lambkins-'twere the shrewder part. Chase not the recreant, milk the willing ewe:

The world hath Galateas fairer vet

"-Many a fair damsel bids me sport with her The livelong night, and smiles if I give ear. On land at least I still am somebody "

Thus did the Grant feed his love on song.

And gained more ease than may be bought with gold,

### IDYLL XII

#### The Comrades

THOU art come, lad, come! Scarce thrice hath dusk to day

Given place—but lovers in an hour grow gray.

As spring's more sweet than winter, grapes than

thorns,

The ewe's fleece richer than her latest-born's:

As young girls' charms the thrice wed wife's outshine, As fawns are lither than the ungainly kine,

Or as the nightingale's clear notes outvie The mingled music of all birds that fly,

So at thy coming passing glad was I I ran to greet thee e'en as pilgrims run

I ran to greet thee e'en as prigrams run.

To beechen shadows from the scorching sun.

Oh if on us accordant Loves would breathe,

And our two names to future years bequeath!

'These twain '-let men say-'lived in olden days

This was a yokel (in their country phrase),

That was his mate (so talked these simple folk): And lovingly they bore a mutual yoke. The hearts of men were made of sterling gold, When troth met troth, in those brave days of old '

O Zeus, O gods who ago not nor decay!

Let e'en two hundred ages roll away,

But at the last these tidings let me learn,

Borne o'er the fatal pool whence none return.—

"By every tongoe thy constancy is sing,

Thine and thy favourie's—cheefly by the young?"

But lo, the future is in heaven's high hand

Meanwhile thy graces all my praise demand,

Not false hip-praise, not rolly bubbling froth—

For though thy wrath be kindled, e'en thy wrath

Hath no sting in it doubly I am careased,

And go my way regord with interest.

Oarsmen of Megans, roled by Nisus erst! Yours be all blus, because ye honored first That true child-lover, Attio Ducles
Around his gravestone with the first apring breeze
Flock the barins all, to win the kinsing-princ
And whose sweetliest lip to lip applies
Goes crown clid home to its mother Blest is he
Who in such strife is named the referee

To brightfaced Ganymede full oft he'll cry To lend his hip the potencies that he Within that stone with which the usurers Detect base metal, and which never errs

### IDYLL XIII.

### Mylas.

NOT for us only, Nicias, (vain the dream,)
Sprong from what god soe'er, was Eros boru.
Not to us only grace doth graceful seem,
Frail things who wot not of the coming morn.
No-for Ambhitron's non hearted son.

A fair curled creature, Hylas was his name He taught him, as a father might his child, All songs whereby himself had risen to fame;

Who braved the hon, was the slave of one;-

All songs whereby himself had risen to fame;
Nor ever from his side would be beguited
When noon was high, nor when white steeds convey
Back to heaven's gates the charot of the day.

Nor when the hen's shrill brood becomes aware Of bed-time, as the mother's flapping wings HYLAS 73

Shadow the dust-browned beam Twas all his care
To shape unto his own imaginings
And to the harness train his favourite youth,
Till he became a man in very truth

Meanwhile, when kingly Jason steered in quest Of the Gold Fleece, and chieftains at his side Chosen from all cities, proffering each her best, To rich Iolchos came that warrior tried, And joined him unto trim-built Argo's crew,

And with Alcmena's son came Hylas too

Through the great gulf shot Argo hke a bird—
And by and-bye reached Phasis, no'er o'erta'en
By those in-rushing rocks, that have not stirred
Since thee, but bask, twin monsters, on the main
But now, when waned the spring, and lambs were fed
In far off fields, and Pleuds gleamed o'erhead,

That cream and flower of knighthood looked to sail They came, within broad Argo safely stowed, (When for three days had blown the southern gale) To Hellespont, and in Propontis rode At anchor, where Cianian ozen now

Broaden the furrows with the busy plough.

They leapt ashore, and, keeping rank, prepared
Their evening meal—a grassy meadow spread
Before their eyes and many a warrior shared

(Thanks to its verdurous stores) one lowly bed And while they cut tall margolds from their stem And sworded bulrush, Hylas shipt from them

Water the fair lad went to seek and bring
To Heracles and stalwart Telamon,
(The comrades aye partook each other a fare,)
Bearing a brazen pitcher And anon,
Where the ground dipt, a fountain he espeed,
And rashes growing rerea about its side

There rose the sea blue swallow wort, and there
The pale heed madenhair, with paraley green
And ragrant march flowers, and a revel rare
In the pool's midst the water nymphs were seen
To hold, those maidens of unslumbrous eyes

To hold, those madens of unslumbrous eyes
Whom the belated peasant sees and fires.

And fast did Males and Eumca cling,
And young Nychea with her April face,

To the lad's hand, as stooping o'er the spring
He dipt his pitcher For the young Greek's grace

Made their soft senses reel, and down he fell, All of a sudden, into that black well

So drops a red star suddenly from sky

To sea—and quoth some sailor to his mate.
"Up with the tackle, boy! the breeze is high."
Him the nymphs pillowed, all disconsolate,
On their sweet laps, and with soft words beguiled,
But Herneles was troubled for the child.

Forth went he, Scythian wise his bow he bore
And the great club that never quits his side,
And thrice called 'Hylas'—no or came listier roar
From that deep chest Thrice Hylas heard and

To answer, but in tones you scarce might hear, The water made them distant though so near

And as a lion, when he hears the bleat
Of fawns among the mountains far away,
A murderous lion, and with hurrying feet
Bounds from his lair to his predestined prey-

Bounds from his lair to his predestined proy. So plunged the strong man in the untrodden brake---(Lovers are maniscs)—for his darling's sake ...

Remembers not that pilgrimage of pain?
His troth to Jason was forgotten then
Long time the good ship tarried for those twain
With housted sails. night came and still they cleare

The hatches, but no Heracles appeared

On he was wandering, reckless where he tree

On he was wandering, reckless where he trod, So mad a passion on his vitals preyed While Hylas had become a blassed god

so mad a passion on his vitais preyed
While Hylas had become a blessed god
But the crew cursed the runaway who had stayed
Sixty good ears, and left him there to reach
Afont blest Phans and the Colchan beach

## IDYLL XIV.

The Love of Aeschines.

\*\*THEORIGINAL ASCHINES.\*\*

\*\*ASCHINES.\*\*

ESCHINES.

T-TAIL, sar Thyonichus

Aschines, to you.

I have missed thee

THYOVICHUS
Missed me! Why what ails him now?

My friend, I am ill at case

THIONICHUS

Then this explains

Thy leanness, and thy prodigal monstache

And dried up curls Thy counterpart I saw, A wan Pythagorean, yesterday He said he came from Athens shoes he had none He pined, Ill warrant,-for a quartern loaf

#### FROMINES

Sir, you will joke-But I've been outraged, sore, And by Cymsca I shall go stark mad Ere you suspect-a hair would turn the scale

#### THYONICHUS

Such thou wert always, Alschines my friend In lazy mood or trenchant, at thy whim The world must wag But what s thy grievance now

ESCUINTS. That Argive, Apis the Thessahan Knight, Myself, and gallant Cleonicus, supped Within my grounds Two pullets I had slain, And a prime pig and broached my Biblian wine, Twas four years old, but fragrant as when new Truffles were served to us and the drink was good Well, we got on and each must drain a cup To whom he fancied, only each must name We named, and took our liquor as ordained, But she sate silent-this before my face

Fancy my feelings! "Wilt not speak? Hast seen
A wolf?" some wag said "Shrewdly guessed,"
quoth she,

quoth she,

And blushed—her blushes might have fired a torch.

A wolf had charmed her Wolf her neighbour's son,

Goodly and tall, and fair in divers eyes;

For his illustrious sake it was she pined.
This had been breathed, just idly, in my ear:
Shame on my beard, I no'er pursued the hint.
Well, when we four were deep simil our cups,
The Knight must sing 'The Wolf' (a local song)

The Knight must sing 'The Wolf' (a local song) Right through, for mischief. All at once she wept Hot tears as girls of six years old might weep, Clinging and clamouring round their mother's lap.

Mot tears as give of an years old might weep, Clinging and clamouring round their mother's lap. And I, (you know my humour, friend of mine,) Drove at his face, one, two! She githered up Her robes and vanished straightway through the door. "And so I full to please, false lady mino?

Another hes more welcome in thy lap?
Go warm that other's heart: he'll say thy tears
Are hand pearls " And as a swallow flies
Forth in a hurry, here or there to find

A mouthful for her brood among the caves: From her soft sofa passing-swife she fled Through folding-doors and ball, with random feet:

'The stag had gained his heath': you know the rest.

### IDALL ZA.

### The Festibal of Adonis.

GORGO PRANIYOL

GORGO,

# Praxinoa in ?

Yes, Gorgo dear! At last! That you're here now's a marvel! Scc to a chair,

A cushion, Equoa!

goego I lack naught.

PRATIBOA.

Bit down.

corco.

Oh, what a thing is spirit! Here I am, Praxinoa, safe at last from all that crowd

.

And all those chariots—every street a mass Of boots and uniforms! And the road, my dear, Seemed endless—you live now so far away

## PRAXINOÄ

This land's end den—I cannot call it house—
My madcap hired to keep us twain apart
And stir up strife 'Twas like him, odious pest!

## gongo

Nay call not, dear, your lord, your Demon, names To the babo's face Look how it stares at you! There, haby dear, she never meant Papa! It understands, by'r lady! Dear Papa!

## PRATINOZ

Well, yesterday (that means what day you like)
'Papa' had rouge and hair powder to buy,
He brought back salt! this oaf of aix foot-one!

### GORGO

Just such another is that pickpocket
My Diocleides He bought t' other day
Six flecces at seven drachms, his last exploit
What were they? scraps of worn-out pedlar's bags,
Sheer trash—But put your cloak and mantie on,

And we'll to Ptolemy's, the sumptuous king, To see the Adonis As I hear, the queen Provides his something correcors

## PRAXINOA

Ay, the grand

 $Q_{\ell}^{o}$  do things grandly

CORGO

When you've seen yourself,
What tales you'll have to tell to those who've not.
'Twere time we started!

## PRAKINOA

All time's holiday

With idlers! Eunos, pampered minx the jug! Set it down here—you cats would sleep all day on cushions—Sir your-elf, fetch water, quick! Water's our first want. How she holds the jug! Now, pont—not, cormorant in that wasteful way. You've drenched my dress, bad luck t' you! There enough.

I have made such toilet as my fates allowed Now for the key o' the plate chest — Bring it, quick

### CORGO

My dear, that full pelisse becomes you well.

What did it stand you in, straight off the loom?

### PRAXINOÁ.

Don't ask me, Gorgo two good pounds and more Then I gave all my mind to trimming it.

### annan.

Well, 'tis a great success

## PRAKINOÄ

My mantle, Euncö, and my parasol I think it is

My mantle, Euncö, and my parasol I

Arrange me meely Babe, you'll bule at home I

Horses would bite you—Boo !---Yes, cry your fill,

But we won't have you mained Now let's be off

You, Phrygia, take and nurse the tiny thing:

Call the dog in make fast the outer do.rl

[Exeunt.

Gods! what a crowd! How, when shall we get past This nursance, these unending ant-like swarms? Yet, Ptolemy, we owe thee thanks for much Since heaven received thy sire! No miscreant now Creeps Thug-hke up, to mail the passer-by What games men played crewhile—men shaped in crime. Birds of a feather, rascals every one I

—We're done for, Gorgo darlug—here they are,
The Royal horas! Sweet air, don't trample me!
That hay—the savage!—reared up straight on end!
Fly, Euroa, can't you? Doggedly she stands.
He'll be his rider's death !—How glad I am
My tabo's at home.

## CORGO

Praxinoa, never mind! See, we're before them now, and they're in line.

### PRAXINOA

There, I'm myself But from a child I feared Horses, and slimy snakes But haste we on: A surging multitude is close behind

GOEGO [to Old Lady].

From the palace, mother?

OLD LADY. Ay, child.

GOEGO,

Is at faur

Of access?

## THE FESTIVAL OF ADONGS.

## OLD LADY.

Trying brought the Greeks to Troy Young ladies, they must try who would succeed

## GORGO

The crone hath said her eracle and gone
Wemen know all—how Adam married Eve
—Praxinos, look what crowds are round the door!

### PRATISON

Pearful! Your hand, please, Gorgo Ennea, you Hold Estychis—hold tight or you'll be lost. We'll enter na body—hold us fast! Oh dear, my muslin dress is torn in two, Gorgo, already! Pray, good gentleman, (And happnenss be yours) respect my robe!

STRANGER.
I could not if I would—nathless I will.

## PRAKINGA

They come in hundreds, and they push like swine.

### STEANGER

Lady, take courage . it is all well now.

PRATINOÄ.

And now and ever be it well with thee,

Sweet man, for shielding us! An honest soul

And kindly Oh! they're smothering Eunoä:

And kindly Oh! they're smothering Lunoa:
Push, coward! That's right! 'All in,' the bridegroom said

And locked the door upon himself and bride.

conco
Praxincă, look! Note well this broidery first.

Hannes, note: when the other than the mean the mean than the mean that the mean that the mean the m

Facts and not fances! What a thing is man! How bright, how lifelide on his silvern couch I.ces, with youth's bloom scarce shadowing his check, That dear Adoms, lovely o'en in death!

## A STRANGER

Bud luck t' you, cease your senseless pigeon's prate! Their brogue is killing—every word a drawl!

## GOEGO

Where did he spring from? Is our prattle aught To you, Sir? Order your own slaves about: You're ordering Syracusan ladies now! Commission of the Commission o

PRATINOA

Persephone! none lords it over me, Save one! No scullion's wage for us from you

## GORFO

Hush, dear The Argive's daughter's going to sing The Adonis that accomplished vocalist Who has no rival in "The Sailor's Graie" Observe her attitudinging now

## Song

Queen, who lov'st Golgi and the Sicel hill And Ida, Aphroditè radiant-eyed,

The stealthy footed Hours from Acheron's rill Brought once again Adonis to thy side

How changed in twelve short months! They travel slow,

Those precious Hours we hall their advent still,
For blessings do they bring to all below
O Sea born! thou didsterst, or legend lies,
Shed on a woman's soul thy grace beingn,
And Berenick's dust immortalize.

## IDYLL XVI,

## The Value of Song.

WHAT fires the Muse's, what the minstrel's lays? If fires some immertal's, ours some here's praise, Heaven is her theme, as heavenly was her birth: We, of curth earthy, sing the sons of earth. Yet who, of all that see the gray morn rase, Lafta not his latch and hails with eager eyes My Songs, yet sends them guerdonless away? Burefoot and angry homeward journey they, Taunt him who sent them on that idle quest, Then crouch them deep within their empty chost, (When wageless they return, there dismal bed). And halo on their chill Knees once more their patient.

head.

Where are those good old times? Who thanks us, who, For our good word? Men his not how to do Great deeds and worthy of the musirel's verso: Vassals of gam, their fand is on their purso. Their eyes on lucre: no'er a rusty hall

They'll give in kindness; this being aye their tale:—

"Kin before kith, to prosper is my prayer;
Poets, we know, are heaven's pecuhar care
We've Homer; and what other's worth a thought?
I call him chief of bards who costs me naught."

Yet what if all your chosts with gold are lined? Is this enjoying wealth? Oh fools and blind! Part on your heart's desire, on ministrels spend Part, and your kindred and your kind befriend: And daily to the gods bid altar-fires ascend Nor be ye churlish hosts, but glad the heart Of gnests with wine, when they must needs depart. And reverence most the priests of sacred song So, when hell hides you, shall your names live long; Not doomed to wail on Acheion's sunless sands, Lake some poor hind, the inward of whose hands The spade hath gnarled and knotted, born to groan, Poor sare's poor offspring, hapless Pennry's own!

Their monthly dole erewhile unnumbered thralls Sought in Antochus', in Aleuas' halls, On to the Scopadas's byres in endless line
The calves ran lowing with the hoined Line;
And, marshalled by the good Greendas's swains
Myriads of choice sheep basked on Crannon's plains.
Yet had their joyaunce ended, on the day

When their sweet spirit dispossessed its clay. To hated Acheron's ample barge resigned Nameless, their stored up luxury left behind. With the lorn dead through ages had they lain. Had not a minstrel bade them live again -Had not in woven words the Ceian ore Holding sweet converse with his full toned lyre Made even their swift steeds for aye renowned, When from the sacred lists they came home crowned. Forgot were Lycia's chiefs, and Hector's hair Of gold, and Cycnus femininely fair . But that bards bring old battles back to mind. Odveseus-he who roamed amongst mankind A hundred years and more, reached atmost hell Alive, and 'scaped the grant's bideous cell-Had hved and died Eum'eus and his awine . Philotius, busy with his herded kine . And great Lacries' self, had passed away. Were not their names preserved in Homer's lay. Through song alone may man true glory taste, The dead man's riches his survivors waste

But count the waves, with you gray wind swept main Borne shoreward from a red brick wash his stain In some pool's violet depths 'twill task thee yet To reach the heart on baleful avarice age. To such I say 'Fare well'- let theirs be store
Of wealth, but let them always crave for more;
Horses and males inferior things I find
To the esteem and love of all mankind

But to what mortal's roof may I repair, I and my Muso, and find a welcome there? I and my Muse for mustrels fare but ill, Reft of those maids, who know the mightiest's will. The cycle of the years, it flags not yet . In many a chariot many a steed shall sweat And one, to manhood grown, my lays shall claim, Whose deeds shall rival great Achilles' fame, Who from stont Assa might have won the prize On Simois' plain, where Phrygian Ilus lies Now, in their sunset home on Labya's heel. Phonicia's sons unwonted chillness feel Now, with his targe of willow at his breast. The Syracusan bears his spear in rest. Amongst these Hiero arms him for the war. Eager to fight as warriors fought of yore, The plumes float darkling o'er his helmed brow. O Zeus, the sire most glorious, and O thou, Empress Athenè , and thou, damsel fair, Who with thy mother wast decreed to bear Rule o'er rich Corinth, o'er that city of pride

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Beside whose walls Anapus' waters glide —
Liay ill winds waft across the Senthern sea
(Of late a legion, now but two or three,)
Tar from our isle, our foes, the doom to tell,
To wife and child, of those they loved so well;
While the old race eapoy once more the lands
Spoiled and inculted erst by airen hands!

And fair and fruitful may their cornlands be ! Their flocks in thousands bleat upon the lea. Fat and full fed , their kine, as home they wind, The lagging traveller of his rest remind ! With might and mun their fallows let them till: Till comes the seedtime, and cicalas trill (Hid from the toilers of the hot midday In the thick leafage) on the topmost spray ! O'er shield and spear their webs let spiders spin. And none so much as name the battle-din ! Then Hiero's lofty deeds may minstrels bear Beyond the Scythian ocean main, and where Within those ample walls, with asphalt made Time proof, Semiramis her empire swaved. I am but a single voice but many a hard Beside me do those heavenly maids regard . May those all love to sing, 'mid earth's acclaim. Of Sicel Arethuse, and Hiero's fame.

O Graces, royal nursehngs, who hold dear

The Minyes's city, once the Theban's fear:

Unbidden I tarry, whither bidden I fare My Muse my comrade And be ye too there, Sisters divine! Were ye and song forgot, What grace had earth? With you be aye my lot!

## IDVLL XVII.

## The Praise of Ptolemp.

WITH Zeus begin, sweet sisters, and with Zeus, When ye would sing the sovereign of the skiest But first among mankind ranh. Ptolemy,
First, last, and midmost, being past compare.
Those mighty ones of old, half men half gods,
Wrought deeds that shine in many a subtle strain.
I. no unpractived ministerl, ang but him,

Rut as a woodman sees green Ida riso
The above pine, and ponders which to fell
First of these myriads, even so I panse
Where to begin the chapter of his praise:
For thousand and ten thousand are the crifts

Divinest ears disdain not minstrelsy

Yherewith high heaven hath graced the kinghest king.

Was not he born to compass noblest ends, Lagus' own son, so soon as he matured Schemes such as ne'er had dawned on meaner minds ? Zeus doth esteem him as the blessed gods, In the sire's courts his golden mansion stands And near him Alexander sits and smiles. The turbaned Perman's dread, and, fronting both, Rises the stedfast adamantine seat Erst fashioned for the bull-slayer Heracles. Who there holds revels with his heavenly mates, And sees, with joy exceeding, children rise On children; for that Zeus exempts from age And death their frames who sprang from Heracles: And Ptolemy, hke Alexander, claims From him, his gallant son their common sire And when, the banquet o'er, the Strong Man wends, Cloyed with rich nectar, home unto his wife, This kinsman hath in charge his cherished shafts And bow, and that his gnarled and knotted club, And both to white-limbed Hebe's bower of bliss Convoy the bearded warrior and his arms

Then how among wise ladies—blest the pair That reared her!—peerless Berenice shoun! Done's sacred child, the Cyprian queen, O'er that sweet bosom passed her typer hands: And hence, 'its said, no man loved woman o'er As Ptolemy loved her. She o'er-repaid

## IDYLL XVII.

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His love; so, nothing doubting, he could leave His substance in his loyal children's care, And rest with her, fond husband with fond wife. She that loves not bears sons, but all unlike

She that loves not bears sons, but all unlike Their father; for her heart was otherwhere.

O Approdite, matchless e'en in heaven
For beauty, thou didst love her, wouldst not let
Thy Berenice cross the waifinl waves:
But thy hand anatched her—to the blue lake bound
Elso, and the dead's grim ferryman—and enshrined
With thee, to share thy honores. There she sits,
To mortals ever kind, and passion soft
Inspires, and makes the lover's burden light.
The dark-browed Argive, linked with Tydeus, bare
Diomed the slayer, famed in Calydon:
And deep-veiled Theta unto Pelous gave
The asychieser Achilles. They wast here

And deep-valed Thens unto Peleus gave
The javebneer Achilles Thou wast born
Of Berenice, Ptolemy by name
And by descent, a warrior's warrior child
Cos from us mother's arms her habe received,
Its destined nursery, on its natal day.
'Twas there Antigone's daughter in her pangs
Cried to the goddess that could hild them cease;
Who soon was a ther side, and held he having

Who soon was at her side, and lo! her limbs Porgat their anguish, and a child was born

## THE PRAISE OF PTOLENY.

Fair, its sire's self. Cos saw, and shouted loud; Handled the babe all tenderly, and spake:

"Wake, babe, to bliss: prize me, as Phœbus doth His azare-spherèd Delos: grace the hill Of Triops, and the Dorians' easter shores, As king Apollo his Rhenæa's isle."

So spake the isle. An eagle high o'erhead Poised in the clouds screamed thrace, the prophehied Of Zens, and sent by him. For awful kings All are his care, those chieffiest on whose birth He smiled: exceeding glory waits on them: Theirs is the sovereignty of land and sea. But if a myriad realms spread far and wide O'er earth, if myriad nations till the soil To which heaven's rain gives increase yet what land Is green as low-lying Egypt, when the Nile Wells forth and piecemeal breaks the sodden glebe? Where are like cities, peopled by like men? Lo he hath seen three hundred towns arise, Three thousand, yea three myriad; and o'er all He rules, the prince of heroes, Ptolemy. Claims half Phoenicia, and half Araby, Syria and Libya, and the Æthiops murk

The Lycian and the Carian trained to war, And all the isles for never fleet like his Rode upon ocean land and sea alike And sounding rivers hail king Ptolemy. Many are his horsemen, many his targeteers, Whose burdened breast is bright with clashing steel; Light are all royal treasures, weighed with his. For wealth from all climes travels day by day To his rich realm, a hive of prosperous peace, No foeman's tramp scares monster-peopled Nile, Waking to war her far off villages No armed robber from his war ship leaps To spoil the herds of Egypt Such a prince Sits throned in her broad plains, in whose right arm Quivers the spear, the bright-haired Ptolemy. Inke a true king, he guards with might and main The wealth his sires' arm won him and his own. Nor strown all idly o'er his sumptuous halls Lie piles that seem the work of labouring ants. The holy homes of gods are nch therewith . Theirs are the firstfruits, earnest aye of more. And freely mighty kings thereof partake. Freely great cities, freely honoured friends. None entered e'er the sacred lists of song,

Whose hps could breathe sweet music, but he gained

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Fair guerdon at the hand of Ptolemy. And Ptolemy do music's votaries hymn For his good gifts-hath man a fairer lot

Than to have earned much fame among mankind? The Atride's name abides, while all the wealth Won from the sack of Priam's stately home A mist closed o'er it, to be seen no more Ptolemy, he only, treads a path whose dust Burns with the footprints of his ancestors. And overlays those footprints with his own

He raised rich shrines to mother and to sire, There reared their forms in ivory and gold, Passing in beauty, to befriend mankind Thighs of fat oxen oftentimes he burns On crimsoning altars, as the months roll on. Ay he and his staunch wife No fairer bride E'er clasped her lord in royal palaces And her heart's love her brother-hashand won. In such blest union joined the immortal pur Whom queenly Rhea bore, and heaven obeys:

One couch the maiden of the rambow decks With myrrh-dipt hands for Hera and for Zeus Now farewell, prince! I rank thee age with gods:

And read this lesson to the afterdays, Mayhan they'll prize it . ' Honour is of Zens.'

## IDVLL XVIII.

## The Bridal of Melen.

WHILOM, in Lacedemon,
Tript many a maiden fair
To gold tressed Menelaus' halls,
With hyacinths in her hair
Twelve to the Painted Chamber.

The queenliest in the land,
The clustered loveliness of Greece,
Came dancing hand in hand
For Helen, Tyndarus' daughter,

Had just been wooed and won,
Helen the darling of the world,
By Atreus' younger son
With woven steps they beat the floor

In unicon, and sang
Their bridal-hymn of triumph
Till all the palace rang

"Slumberest so soon, sweet bridegroom?

Art thou o'erfond of sleep?

Or hast thou leadenweighted limbs?
Or hadst thou drunk too deep

When thou didst fling thee to thy lair?
Betimes thou should'st have sped,

If sleep were all thy purpose,

Unto thy bachelor's bed: And left her in her mother's arms

To nestle, and to play

A girl among her girlish mates
Till deep into the day:--

For not alone for this night,

Nor for the next alone,

But through the days and through the years

Thou hast her for thine own.

"Nay! heaven, O happy bridegroom, Smiled as thou enteredst in To Sparta, like thy brother kings, And told thee thou should'st win! What here somewhay of Zens

Hath e'er aspired to be?

Yet lo ! one coverlet enfolds

The child of Zeus, and thee.

Ne'er did a thing so lovely Roam the Achaian lea.

"And who shall match her offspring, If habes are like their mother? For we were playmates once, and ran And raced with one another (All varnished, warrior fashion) Along Eurotas' tide,

Thrace eighty gentle maidens, Each in her cirlhood's pride

Yet none of all seemed faultless If placed by Helen's side

"As peers the pascent Morning Over thy shades, O Night, When Winter disenchains the land. And Spring goes forth in white. So Helen shone above us.

All lovebness and hight.

"As climbs aloft some cypress, Garden or glade to grace, As the Thesealian courser lends A lustre to the race:

So bright o'er Lacedwmon Shone Helen's rosebud face.

"And who into the basket e'er
The yarn so deftly drew,
Or through the mazes of the web
So well the shuttle threw,
And severed from the framework
As closelywov'n a warp
—
And who could wake with masterband
Such music from the barp,

To broadlimbed Pallas tuning
And Artemis her lay—
As Helen, Helen in whose eyes
The Loves for ever play?

"O bright, O beautiful, for thee

Are matron-cares begun
We to green paths and blossomed meads
With dawn of morn must run,
And cull a breathing chaplet,

And still our dream shall be, Helen, of thee, as wearing lambs Yearn in the resture for the dan

Yearn in the pasture for the dams That nursed their infancy. For thee the lowly lotus bed
We'll spoil, and plant a crown
To hang upon the shadowy plane;
For thee will we drop down
(Neath that same shadowy platan)
Oil from our silver urn,
And careyon on the bark shall be

This sentence, 'HALLOW RELEY'S TREE';
In Dornan letters, legibly
For all men to discern

"Now farewell, bride, and bridegroom Blest in thy new-found sire!

May Leto, mother of the brave,
Bring babes at your desire,
And holy Cypris either's breast
With mutual transport fire:
And Zens the son of Gronos

And Zens the son of Crones Grant blessings without end, From princely sire to princely son For ever to descend.

"Sleep on, and love and longing Breathe in each other's breast;

But fail not when the morn returns To rouse you from your rest: With dawn shall we be stirring,
When, lifting high his fair
And feathered neck, the earliest bird
To clarion to the dawn is heard
O god of brides and bridals
Sing 'Happy, happy pair!'

## IDALL XIX

# Lobe Stealing Money ONCE thiorish Love the honoyed hives would rob,

When a bee stung him soon he felt a throb
Through all his finger tips, and, wild with pain,
Blew on his hands and stamped and jumped in vain
To Aphrodite then he told his woe
'How can a thing so tiny hurt one so?'

She smiled and said, 'Why thou 'rt a tiny thing, As is the bee, yet sorely thou caust sting.'

## IDYLL XX.

## Comn and Country.

ONCF I would kees Funce "Bick," quoth she, And screamed and stormed, "a sorry clown kiss mo?

Your country compliments, I like not such, No lips but gentles' would I durin to touch No'er dream of kissing me alike I shim Your face, your hin, ange, and your tigerish fun How winning are your tones, how fine your air! Your beard how suken and how sweet voor hair! Pah! you're a sick min's lips, a blackarioor's hang Your breath's defilence t. Levic me, I command "

Three spatabe on her robe, and, muterng low, S-anned me, with half shut eyes, from top to too; Brought all her woman's witcheries into p'ay, Still amiling in a set sarcastic way,
Till my b'ool builed, my visage crimson grew
With indignation, as a rose with dew:

## TOYLL XXI.

The Fishermen.

WANT quickens wit Want's pupils needs must work,
O Diophantus for the child of toil
Is grudged his very a'eep by carking cares:
Or, if he taste the blessedness of might,
Thought for the morrow soon warns slumber off.

Two ancient fishers once lay side by side on piled up sea wrack in their waitled hut, Its leafy wall their curtain. Near them lay The weapons of their trade, basket and rod, Hooks, weed encumbered nets, and cords and cars, And, propped on rollers, an infirm old boat Their pillow was a scanty mat, eked out. With caps and garments such the ways and means, Such the whole treasury of the fishermen.

They knew no luxures owned nor door nor dog, Their craft their all, their mistress Poverty Their only neighbour Ocean, who for aye Round their lorn hut came floating lazily,

Ere the moon's charact was in mid career,
The fishers girt them for their customed toil,
And banished slumber from unwilling eyes,
And roused their dreamy intellects with speech —

### ASPRALION

"They say that soon flit summer-nights away, Because all ingering is the summer day Friend, it is false, for dream on dream have I Dreamed, and the dawn still reddens not the sky. How? am I wandering? or does night pass slow?"

## HIS COMBADE.

"Asphahon, scout not the sweet summer so.
'Tis not that wilful seasons have gone wrong,
But care maims slumber, and the nights seem long

### ASPRALLON

"Didst thou e'er study dreams? For visions fau I saw last night, and fairly thou should'st sharo The wealth I dream of, as the fish I catch.
Now, for sheer sense, I reckon few thy match;
And, for a vision, be whose metherwit
Is his sole tutor best interprets it.
And now we've time the matter to discuss:
For who could labour, lying here (like us)
Pillowed on leaves and neighboured by the deep,
Or sleeping smid thorns no casy sleep?
In rich men's balls the lamps are burning jet;
But fish come slway to the neh man's net."

### COMPADE.

"To me the vision of the night relate; Speak, and reveal the riddle to thy mate."

## ASPHALION.

"Last evening, as I phed my watery trade,
(Moto an a o'erfull stomach—we had made
Betimes a meagre meal, as you can vouch,)
I fell asleep; and lo' I seemed to crouch
Among the boulders, and for fish to wait,
Sull dangling, rod in hand, my vagrant bait.
A fat fellow caught it: (e'en in sleep I'm bound
To dream of fishing, as of crusts the hound;)
Fast clung he to the books; has blood outwelled;

### THE FISHERMEN

'How, with a hie thus slight this monster take?'
Then gently, just to warn him he was caught
I twitched him onco, then slacked and then in
taut
My hine, for now he offered not to run,
A glance soon showed me all my tisk was done
'Twas a gold fish, pure metal every inch
That I had captured I began to finich
'Whit if this beauty be the sea king's joy,
Or azure Amphitrite's treasured toy!'
With care I disengaged him—not to rip
With hasty hook the gilding from his hip

And with a tow line landed him, and sworo Never to set my foot on ocean more, But with my gold live royally ashare So I awoke and, comrade, lend me now Thy wits, for I am troubled for my vow?

Bent with his struggling was the rod I held I tugged and tugged my efforts made me ache

### COMBADE

"Ne'er quake you're pledged to nothing, for prize

Prize
You gained or gazed on. Dreams are nought lies.

Yet may this dream bear fruit, if, wide-awake And not in dreams, you'll fish the neighbouring lake, Fish that are meat you'll there maybap behold,

Not die of famine, smid dreams of gold "

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## IDYLL XXII.

The Sons of Leda.

THE pair I sing, that Ægis armed Zous Gave unto Leda, Castor and the dread Of bruisers Polydeuces, whensoe'er His harnessed hands were lifted for the fray, Twice and again I sing the manly sons Of Leda, those Two Brethren, Sparta's own Who shield the soldier on the deadly scarp, The horse wild plunging o'er the crim-on field, The ship that, disregarding in her pride Star-eet and star-rise, meets disastrous gales -Such gales as pile the billows mountain-high, L'en at their own wild will, round stein or stern . Dash o'er the hold, the timbers rive in twain, Till mast and tackle dangle in mid-air Shivered like toys, and, as the night wears on, The rain of heaven falls fast, and, lashed by wind And iron hall, broad ocean rings again, Then can they draw from out the nether abyza

Both craft and crew, each deeming he must die:
Lo the winds cease, and o'er the burnished deep
Comes stillness, this way flee the clouds and that;
And shine out clear the Great Bear and the Less,
And, thurk the Asses dimly seen, the Crib
Foretells far voyage to the mariper
O saviours, O compunions of mankind,
Matchless on horse or harp, in lasts or lay,
Which of ye twain demands my earliest song?

Of both I sing , of Polydeuces first

Argo, ecaped the two inrushing rocks, And snow clad Pontus with his baleful jaws, Came to Bebrycia with her heaven sprung freight; There by one ladder disembarked a host of Heroes from the decks of Jason's ship. On the low beach, to leeward of the chif. They leapt, and piled their beds, and lit their fires: Castor meanwhile, the bridler of the steed, And Polydeuces of the nut brown face, Had wandered from their mates, and, wildered both, Searched through the bookage of the hill, and found Hard by a slab of rock a bubbling spring Brinfal of purest water. In the depths Below, like crystal or like sliver gleamed

The publics high above it pine and plane

And poplar rose, and cypress tipt with green;
With all rich flowers that throng the mead, when wanes
The Spring, sweet workshops of the furry bee.
There sat and sunned him one of giant bulk
And grisly mien: hard knocks had stor'n his ears:
Broad were his shoulders, vast his orbêd chest;
Like a wronght statue rose his iron frame:
And mgh the shoulder on each brawny arm
Stood out the muscles, hinge as rolling stones
Canght by some rain-swoln river and shapen smooth
By its wild eddyings: and o'er nape and spine
Hung, balanced by the claws, a hon's \$i.n

### POLYDRUCES.

Luck to thee, friend unknown ! Who own this shipro?

Him Leda's conquering son accosted first --

### AMVCTIQ.

Luck, quotha, to see men ne'er seen before!

## FOLYDEUCES

Fear not, no base or base-born herd are we.

## ANYCUS.

Nothing I fear, nor need learn this from thee.

# FOLYDEUCES What art thou? brutish churl, or o'erproud king?

# AMYCUS. E'en what thou see'st and I am not trespassing.

# POLYDEUCES Visit our land, take gifts from us, and go.

## AMTCUS

# I seek naught from thee and can naught bestow.

# FOLYDELCES Not e'en such grace as from you spring to sip?

# AMTCUS Try, if parch'd thirst sits languid on thy hp.

# POLYDECCES Can silver move thee? or if not, what can?

## AMYCUS Stand up and fight me single man with man

## Stand up and fight me singly, man with men.

# FOLYDEUCES. With fists? or fiet and foot, eye covering eye?

# AMTCES.

Fall to with fists; and all thy cunning try.

# POLTDEUCES.

This arm, these gauntlets, who shall dare withstand?

### AMTOTIS.

I: and "the Bruiser" lifts no woman's-hand.

### POLYDEUCES.

Wilt thou, to crown our strife, some meed assign ?

### AMYCUS.

Thou shalt be called my master, or I thine.

# POLYDECCES.

By crimson-crested cocks such games are won.

# AMTCUS.

Lions or cocks, we'll play this game or none.

He spoke, and clutched a hollow shell, and bley. His clarion. Straightway to the shadowy pino Clustering they came, as loud it pealed and long, Bebrycia's bearded sons; and Castor too, The peerless in the lists, went forth and called From the Magnesian ship the Heroes all.

Then either warrior armed with coils of bide His hands, and round his himbs bound ponderous bands, And, breathing bloodshed, stept into the ring First there was much manusuring, who should catch The sunlight on his rear but thou didst foil, O Polydences, valour by address, And full on Amycus' face the hot noon smote He in hot wrath strode forward, threatening war . Straightway the Tyndarid smote him, as he closed, Full on the chin more furious waxed he still. And, earthward bent, dealt blindly random blows. Bebrycia shouted loud, the Greeks too cheered Their champion fearing lest in that scant space This Tityus by sheer weight should bear him down. But, shifting yet still there, the son of Zens Scored him with swift exchange of left and right, And checked the onrush of the sea god s child Parlous albeit till, reeling with his wounds, He stood, and from his lips spat crimson blood. Cheered yet again the princes, when they saw The lips and jowl all seamed with piteous scars, And the swoln visage and the half closed eyes. Still the prince teased him, feinting here or there

A thrust, and when he saw him helpless all,
Let drive beneath his eyelids at his nose,
And laid it bare to the bone. The stricken man
Measured his length supine amid the fern
Keen was the fighting when he rose agoun,
Deadly the blows their sturdy gauntlets dealt.
But while Bebryen's chieftsin sparred round chest.
And utmost shoulder, the resistless foe.
Made his whole face one mass of hideous wounds.
While the one sweated all his bulk away,
And, late a grant, seemed a pigmy now,
The other's limbs waxed ever as he fought.
In semblance and in size. But in what wise
The child of Zeus brought low that man of greed,
Tell, Muse, for thine is knowledge. I unfold

Amyons, athirst to do some doughty deed,
Stooping aslant from Polydences' lange
Locked their left hands, and, stopping out, upheaved
From his right hip his ponderous other arm
And hit and harmed had been Amyolm's king;
But, ducking low, he smote with one stout fist
The foe's left temple—fast the life-blood streamed
From the grim rift—and on his shoulder fell.

A secret not mine own, at thy behest Speak or am dumb, nor speak but as thon wilt, While with his left he reached the month, and made The set teeth ingle, and, redoubling aye Itis plashing thows, made haves of his face And crashed into his cheeks, till all abroad He lay, and throwing up his arms disclaimed The strife, for he was even at death a door. No wrong the vanquished suffered at thy hands, O Polydenees, but he sware an oath, Calhing his sire Poseuden from the depths,

Thy tale, O prince, is told Now sing I thee, Castor the Tyndarid, lord of rushing horse And shaking jayelin, coreleted in brass.

Ne'er to do violence to a stranger more.

# PART II

The sons of Zeus had borne two maids away, Lecappus' daughters Straight in hot pursuit Went the two brethren, sons of Aphireus, Lynceus and Idas hold, their plichted lords.

Lynceus and Idas hold, their plighted lords.
And when the tomb of Aphareus was gained,
All leapt from out their cars, and front to front
Stood, with their ponderous spears and orbed shields
First Lynceus shouted loud from 'neath his helm:

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m hand. Raise ye this coil about your peighbours' wives? To us Leucippus these his daughters gave, Long ere ye saw them they are ours on oath Ye, coveting (to your shame) your neighbour's bed

And kine and asses and whate'er is his Suborned the man and stole our wives by bribes How often spake I thus before your face, Les I myself, though scant I am of phrase

'Not thus, fair sirs, do honourable men Seek to woo wives whose troth is given elsewhere,

Lo, broad is Sports, broad the hunting grounds Of Elis fleeey Arcady is broad, And Argos and Messene and the towns To westward, and the long Stayphian reach There 'neath her parents' roof dwells many a maid

Second to none in godliness or wit Wed of all these, and welcome, whom ye will, For all men court the kinship of the brave,

Nay, sirs, but let us bring this thing to pass.

And ye are as your sires, and they whose blood Runs in your mother's veins, the flower of war. Then, taking counsel, choose meet brides for you' So I ran on , but o'er the shifting seas The wind's breath blew my words, that found no grac With you, for ye defied the charmer's voice.
Yet listen to me now if no'er before:
Let we are kinsmen by the father's ade
But if ye lust for war, if strife must break
Forth among kin, and bloodshed quench our feed,
Bold Polydeuces then shall hold his hands
And his cousin Idas from the abhorred fray.
While I and Castor, the two younger born,
Try war's arbitrement, so spare our sires
Sorrow exceeding. In one bouse one dead
Sufficeth let the others glad their mates,
To the bride-chamber prising, not the grave,
And o'er you mads sur, unbles. Well it were

At cost so small to lay so hage a strife "

He spoke—his words heaven gave not to the winds
They, the two first-born, disarrayed and piled
Their arms, while Lynceus stept into the ring,
And at his shield's rim shook his stallwart spear.
And Castor hikewise poised his quivering lance,
High waved the planne on either warriors a helm.
First each at other thrust with busy spear
Where'er he spied an inch of flesh exposed
But lo 1 both spearpoils in their wicker shields
Lodged ere a blow was struck, and snapp in twain.

# THE SONS OF LEDA.

Then they unsheathed their swords, and framed modes

Of slaughter pause or respite there was none

Oft Castor on broad sizeld and plamed helm Lat, and oft keen eyed Lyneeus pierced his shield, Or grazed his crest of crimson But anon, As Lyneeus aimed his blade at Castor's knee, Back with the left sprang Castor and struck off His fingers from the manned himb dropped the sword And, Bying straightway, for his father's tomb

The battle of the brethren But the child
Of Zeus rushed in, and with his broadsword drave
Through flank and navel, sundering with swift stroke

He made, where gallant Idas sat and saw

Through flank and navel, sundering with swift strok His vitals Lynceus tottered and he fell, And o'er his evelids rushed the dreamless sleep

Nor did their mother see her elder son
Come a fair bridegroom to his Cretan home
For Idas wrenched from off the dead man's tomb

A jutting slab, to hurl it at the man

Who had slain his brother Then did Zeus bring

aid,

and,
And struck the marble fabric from his grasp,
And with red lightning burned his frame to dust
So doth he fight with odds who dares provoke
The Tyndarids, mighty sens of mighty sire

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The Tyndands, and Helen, and the chiefs That trod Troy down for Menclaus' sake ? The bard of Chios wrought your royal deeds Into his lays, who sang of Priam's state,

And fights 'neath Ilion's walls, of sailor Greeks. And of Achilles towering in the strife. Yet take from me whate'er of clear sweet sone The Muse accords me, even all my store ! The gods' most precious gift is minstrelsy.

# IDYLL XXIII.

# Lebe Abengeb.

A LAD deep dipt in passion pined for one
Whose mood was froward as her face was fair
Lovers she loathed, for tenderness she had none
Ne'er knew what Love was like, nor how he bare

A bow, and arrows to make young maids smart

Proof to all speech, all access, seemed her heart

So he found naught his furnace to allay,
No quiver of hips, no highting of kind eyes,
Nor rose-flished cheek, no talk, no lover's play
Was desened him but as forest beasts are shy
Of hound and hunter, with this wight dealt she,

Fierce was her lip, her eyes gleamed omnously

Her tyrint's heart was imaged in her fice,

That flushed, then altering put on blank disdain

Yet, even then, her anger had its grace, And made her lover fall in love again

She went o'er that young life, nor shunned to soil, By contact with the corpse, her woman's-gear But on she went to watch the athletes' toil, Then made for her loved baunt, the riverside: And there she met the god she had defied.

For on a marble pedestal Eres stood

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Fronting the pool the statue leaped, and smote And slew that miscreant All the stream ran blood And to the top a girl's cry seemed to float.

Resource. O lovers, since the scorner fell . And, maids, be kind, for Love deals justice well.

# IDYLL XXIV.

# The Infant Meracles.

A LCMENA once had washed and given the breast To Heracles, a babe of ten months old, And Iphicles his junior by a night, And cradled both within a brazen shield, A correcous trophy, which Amphitryon crest

She stroked their baby brows, and thus she said "Sleep, children mine, a light luxurious sleep, Brother with brother sleep, my boys, my life Blest in your slumber, in your waking blest!"

Had stript from Pterelaus fall'n in fight

She spake and rocked the shield, and in his arms Sloop took them But at indinght, when the Bear Wheels to his setting, in Orion's front Whose shoulder then beams broadest, Hera sent, Mistrees of wiles, two huge and hideous things, Snakes with their scales of saure all on end. To the broad portal of the chamber-door,
All to devour the infant Heracles
They, all their length uncouled upon the floor,
Writhed on to their blood-feast, a baleful hight
Gleamed in their eyes, rank venom they spat forth
But when with busheat tongues they neared the cot,
Alcmena's babes (for Zeus was watching all)
Woke, and throughout the chamber there was light-

Then Ipheles—so soon as he descried
The fell brutes peering o'er the hollow shield,
And saw their mercicles fangs—cried lintily,
And lacked away his coverlet of down,
Fain to escape But Heracles, he clung
Round them with warlike hands, in iron grasp
Prisoning the two. his clutch upon their throat,
The deadly anake's laboratory, where
He brews such poisons as e'en heaven abhors
They twined and twisted round the babe that, bord
After long traval, ne'er had shed a tear

After long traval, ne'er had shed a tear
E'en in his nursery, soon to quit their hold,
For powerless seemed their spines. Alomena heard,
While her lord slept, the crying, and awoke.

"Amphitron, up\_chill fees to leak the spines."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Amphitryon, up chill fears take hold on me. Up . stay not to put sandals on thy feet Hear'st thou our child, our younger, how he cries?

Seest thou you walls illumed at dead of night,
But not by morn's pure beam? I know, I know,
Sweetlord, that some strange thing is happening here."

Sho spake, and he, upleaping at her call, Made swilly for the sword of quaint device. That ape hing danging o'er in seedarn couch: And he was reaching at his span new belt. The scabbard (one huge piece of lotus wood). Poised on his arm, when suddenly the night. Spread out her hands, and all was dark again. Then cried he to his slaves, whose sleep was deep. "Quick, slaves of mine, fetch fire from yonder hearth. And force with all your strength the doorbelts back! Up, loyal hearted slaves the master calls."

Forth came at once the slaves with lighted lamps. The house was all astir with hurrying feet. But when they saw the suckling Heracles. With the two brutes grasped firm in his soft hands, They ahouted with one voice. But he must show the reptiles to Amphitryon, held aloft. His hands in childish glee, and laughed and laid. At his sure's feet the monsters still in death.

Then did Alemena to her bosom take

The terror-blanched and passionate Iphicles: Cradling the other in a lambswool quilt, Her lord once more bethought him of his rest.

Now cocks had thrice sung out that might was o'er. Then went Alemens forth and told the thing To Terressas the seer, whose words were trath, And bade him rede her what the end should be:—
'And if the gods bode machief, hide it not, Pitying, from me wan shall not thus avoid The doom that Fate upon her distaff spins. Son of Eueres, thou hast ears to hear,'

Thus spake the queen, and thus he made reply: "Mother of monarchs, Perseus' child, take heart; And look but on the fatter side of thungs. For by the precious light that long ago Left tennuties these eyes, I awear that oft Achana's mudens, as when eve is high They mould the silken yarn upon their lap, Shall tell Alcenena's story blest art thou Of women. Such a mun in this thy son Shall one day scale the stur-encumbered heaven: His amplitude of chest bespeaks him lord Of all the forest beatts and all mankind Twelve tasks accomplished he must dwell with Zens.

His flesh given over to Trachinian fires. And son in law be hailed of those same gods Who sent you skulking brutes to slay thy habe Lol the day cometh when the fawn shall couch In the wolf's lair, nor fear the spiky teeth That would not harm him But, O lady, keep You smouldering fire alive, prepare you piles Of fuel, bramble sprays or fern or furze Or pear boughs dried with swinging in the wind: And let the kindled wild wood burn those snakes At midnight, when they looked to slay thy babe. And let at dawn some handmaid gather up The ashes of the fire, and diligently Convey and cast each remnant o'er the stream Faced by clow'n rocks, our boundary then return Nor look behind And purify your home First with sheer suiphur, rain upon it then. (Chaplets of clive wound about your heads.) Innocuous water, and the customed sait Lastly, to Zeus almighty slay a boar So shall ve vanguish all your enemies"

Spake Terresias, and wheeling (though his years Weighed on him sorely) gained his ivory car. And Heracles as some young orchard tree Grew up, Amphitryon his reputed sire. IDALP XXIA

A dauntless toiler by the midnight lamp Each fall whereby the sons of Argos fell,

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The flingers by cross-buttock, each his man By feats of wrestling all that boxers e'er, Gram in their cauntlets, have devised, or they Who wage mixed warfare and, adepts in art,

Upon the foe fall headlong all such lore Phocian Harpalicus gave him, Hermes' son . And want his armed onset undismayed

Whom no man might behold while yet far off A brow so truculent roofed so stern a face To launch, and steer in safety round the goal, Chariot and steed, and damage ne'er a wheel, This the lad learned of fond Amphitryon's self. Many a fair prize from listed warmers he Had won on Argive racegrounds, yet the car Whereon he sat came still unshattered home, What gaps were in his harness time had made Then with couched lance to reach the foe, his targe Covering his rear, and bide the biting sword . Or, on the warpath, place his ambuscade.

Marshal his lines and rally his cavaliers . This knightly Castor learned him, erst exiled From Argos, when her realms with all their wealth Of vineyards fell to Tydeus, who received

# THE INFANT HEPACIES.

Her and her characts at Adrastus' hand Amongst the Heroes none was Castor's match Till age had dimmed the glory of his youth.

Such tutors this fond mother gave her son. The stripling's bed was at his father's side.) One after his own heart, a lion's skin His dinner, roast meat, with a loaf that filled A Dorian basket, you might soothly say Had satisfied a delver, and to close The day he took, sans fire, a scanty meal A simple frock went halfway down his leg :

# TOYLL XXV.

# Peractes the Lion Slaver. \* \* \* \* \* TO whom thus spake the herdsman of the herd,

Pausing a moment from his handwork
"Friend, I will solve thy questions, for I fear
The angry looks of Hermes of the rouds.
No dweller in the skies is wroth as he,
With him who saith the asking traveller nay.

"The flocks Augeas owns, our gracious lord,
One pasture pastures not, nor one faces bounds.
They wander, look you, some by Elissus' banks
Or god beloved Alphéns sacred stream,
Some by Buprasion, where the grape abounds,
Some here their folds stand separate But before
His hords, though they be myriad, yonder glades
That belt the broad lake round he fresh and fair

The dew, and teem with herbage honeyaweet,

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To lend new vigour to the horned kine Here on thy right their stalls thou canst desdry

By the flowing river, for all eyes to see Here, where the platans blossom all the year, And glimmers green the olive that enshrines.

Rural Apollo, most august of gods Hard by, fair mansions have been reared for us His herdsmen , us who guard with might and main His riches that are more than tongue may tell Casting our seed o'er fallows thrice upturn'd Or four times by the share, the bounds whereof Well do the delvers know, whose busy feet Troop to his wine vats in fair summer time. Yea, all these acres wise Augéas owns, These corn clad uplands and these orchards green. Far as you ledges whence the cataracts leap

Here do we haunt, here toil, as is the wont

Of labourers in the fields, the livelong day But prythee tell me thou-so shalt thou best Serve thine own interests-wherefore art thou here?

Seeking Augéas, or mayban some slave That serves him? I can tell thee and I will All thou would'st know for of no churlish blood Thou camest, nor wert nurtured as a churl:

That read I in thy stateliness of form . The sons of heaven move thus among mankind,"

Then answered him the warner son of Zenz.
"Yea, veteran, I would see the Epéan King
Augéas, surely for this end I came.
If he indes there amongst his citizens,
Ruling-the folk, dotermining the laws,
LooX, father, but some sorf to be my guide,
Some honoured master-worker in the fields,
Who to shrowd questions shrewdly can reply,
Are not we made dependent each on each?"

To him the good old swam made answer this:

"Stranger, some god bath threat thy visit here,
And given thee straightway all thy heart's desire.

Hither Augess, offspring of the Sun,
Came, with young Phylens splended in his strength
But yesterday from the city, to review
(Not in one day) his multitudinous wealth,
Methinks e'en princes say within themselves,
'The safeguard of the flock's the master's eye.'
But haste, we'll seek him to my own fold I
Will pilot thee, there happ' find the King'

He said and went in front but pondered much (As he surveyed the hon-skin and the clab, Itself an armful) whence this stranger came; And fain had asked But fear recalled the words That trembled on his lip, the fcar to say

Aught that his fiery friend might take amiss For who can fathom all his fellow's mind?

The dogs perceived their coming, yet far off They scented flesh, they heard the thud of feet. And with wild gallop, baying furiously, Ran at Amphitryon's son but feebly whined

And fawned upon the old man at his side Then Heracles, just lifting from the ground A pebble, scared them home, and with hard words Cursed the whole pack, and having stopped their du (Inly rejoiced, nathless, to see them guard So well an absent master's house) he enake

" Lo! what a friend the royal gods have given Man in the dog! A trusty servant he! Had he withal an understanding heart, To teach him when to rage and when forbear,

What brute could claim like praise? But, lacking wit "Tis but a passionate random-raving thing," He spake . the dogs ran scurrying to their lairs. And now the sun wheeled round his westering car

And led still evening on from every field Come thronging the fat flocks to hield and byre. Then in their thousands, drove on drove, the kine Came into view; as rainclouds, onward driven By stress of gales, the west or mighty north, Come up o'er all the heaven, and none may count And naught may stay them as they sweep through air; Such multitudes the storm's strength drives ahead, Such multitudes chmb surging in the rear-So in swift sequence drove succeeded drove, And all the champaign, all the highways swarmed With tramping oxen, all the sumptuous leas Rang with their lowing Soon enough the stalls Were populous with the laggard-footed kine. Soon did the sheep he folded in their folds. Then of that legion none stood idle, none Gaped listless at the herd, with naught to do: But one drew near and milked them, binding clogs Of wood with leathern thongs around their feet : One brought, all hungering for the mil, they loved, The longing young ones to the longing dams One held the pail, one pressed the dainty cheese, Or drove the bulls home, sundered from the kine. Pacing from stall to stall, Augéas saw What revenue his herdsman brought him in. With him his son surveyed the royal wealth. And, strong of himb and purpose, Herneles, Then, though the heart within him was as steel.

Marvelled the King, and Phyleus his brave son, At the strange prowers of Amphitryon's child. Then townwards, leaving straight that rich cham-

paign,

Stout Heracles his comrade, Phylens fared . And soon as they had gained the paven road. Making their way hotfooted o'er a path (Not o'er conspicuous in the dim green wood) That left the farm and threaded through the

vines. Out-spake unto the child of Zens most high. Who followed in his steps, Augéas' son. O'er his right shoulder glancing pleasantly.

" O stranger, as some old familiar tale

I seem to cast thy history in my mind. For there came one to Argos, young and tall. By birth a Greek from Helice-ou-seas, Who told this tale before a multitude. How that an Argive in his presence slew A fearful hon-beast, the dread and death Of berdsmen: which inhabited a den Or cavern by the grove of Nemean Zeus, He may have come from sacred Argos' self, Or Tirvns, or Mycenm what know I? But thus he told his tale, and said the slaver Was (if my memory serves me) Perseus' son. Methinks no islander had dared that deed

Save thee: the hon's skin that wraps thy ribs Argues full well some gallant feat of arms, But tell me, warrior, first-that I may know If my prophetic soul speak truth or not-Art thou the man of whom that stranger Greek

Snoke in my hearing? Have I guessed anght? How slew you single-handed that fell beast? How came it among rivered Nemea's glens? For none such monster could the engerest eye Find in all Greece. Greece harbours bear and boar. And deadly wolf . but not this larger game.

"Pone this that made his listeners marvel then: They deemed he told them travellers' tales, to win By random words applause from standers-by."

Then Phylous from the mid-road edged away,
That both might walk abreast, and he might catch
More at his ease what fell from Heracles
Who journeying now alongside this begon —

"On the prior matter O Augéas' child. Thine own unaided wit bath ruled smight But all that monster a history, how it fell, Fain would I tell thee who hast cars to bear, Save only whence it came for none of all The Argive host could read that riddle right Some god, we dimly guessed, our niggard vows Resenting, had upon Phoroneus realm Let loose this very scource of humankind On peopled Pies plunging like a flood The brute ran root notably it cost Its neighbours of Bembins wees untold And here Eurystheus bade me try my first Passage of arms, and slay that fearsome thing. So with my buxom bow and quiver lined With arrows I set forth my left hand held My clab, a beetling olive's stalwart trank And shapely, still environed in its bark . This hand had torn from hol est Helicon The tree entire, with all its fibrous roots.

And finding soon the hon's whereabouts,

### BERACUES THE LION SLAVER

grasped my bow, and on the bent horn slipped se string, and laid thereon the shaft of death nd, now all eyes. I watched for that fell thing. 1 hopes to view him ere he spied out me ut midday came, and nowhere could I see ine footprint of the beast or hear his roar . ind, trust me, none appeared of whom to ask. Ierdsman or labourer, in the furrowed lea. For wan dismay kept each man in his hut Still on I footed, searching through and through The leafy mountain passes, till I saw The creature, and forthwith essayed my strength. Gorged from some gory carcass, on he stalked At eye towards his lair, his grizzled mane, Shoulders, and grim glad visage, all adrip With carnage, and he licked his hearded hips. I, crouched among the shadows of the trees On the green hill top, waited his approach, And as he came I aimed at his left flank The barbed shaft sped idiv, nor could pierce The flesh, but glancing dropped on the green grass He, wondering, raised forthwith his tawny head, And ran his eyes o'er all the vicinage. And snarled and gave to view his cavernous throat. Meanwhile I levelled yet another shaft, Ill pleased to think my first had fied in vain.

In the mid chest I smote him, where the lungs Are seated still the arrow sank not in, But fell, its errand frustrate, at his feet, Once more was I preparing, sore charrined. To draw the bowstring, when the ravenous beast Glaring around espied me, lashed his sides With his huge tail, and opened war at once Swelled his vast neck, his dun locks stood on end With rage his spine moved sinuous as a bow. Till all his weight hung poised on flank and loin. And e'en as, when a chariot builder bends With practised skill his shafts of splintered fig. Hot from the fire, to be his axle wheels. Thes the tough randed sapling from the hands That shape it, at a bound recoiling far So from far off the dread beast, all of a heap. Sprang on me, hungering for my life blood. I Thrust with one hand my arrows in his face And my doffed doublet, while the other raised My seasoned cudgel o'er his crest, and drave Full at his temples, breaking clean in twain On the fourfooted warrior's siry scale My club, and ere he reached me, down he fell Readlong be fell, and possed on tremulous feet Stood, his head wagging, and his eyes grown dim For the shrewd stroke had shattered brain and bone

13.

I, marking him beside himself with pain. Fell, ere recovering he should breathe again. At vantage on his solid sinewy neck. My bow and woven quiver thrown aside

With iron clasp I gripped him from the rear (His talons else had torn me) and, my foot Set on him, forced to earth by dint of heel

His hinder parts, my flanks entrenched the while Behind his fore-arm; till his thews were stretched And strained, and on his haunches stark he stood And lifeless; hell received his monstrous phost. Then with myself I counselled how to strip From off the dead beast's limbs his sharey bide.

A task full operous, since I found it proof Against all blows of steel or stone or wood. Some god at last inspired me with the thought, With his own claws to rend the hon's skin. With these I flayed him soon, and sheathed and armed

My limbs against the shocks of murderous war. Thus, sir, the Nerican lion met his end, Frowhile the constant curse of brast and man."

# IDYLL XXVI.

# Dhe Barchanals.

A GAVE of the verment-tinted check

fell

And Ino and Autonoa marshalled erst
Three bands of revellers under one hill peak.
They plucked the wild oak's matted foliago first,
Lush vy then, and creeping asphodel,
And reared therowith twelve shrines amid the untrodden

To Semelè three, to Dionysas nine Next, from a vase drew offerings subtly wrought, And prayed and placed them on each fresh green

And prayed and placed them on each fresh greer shrme; So by the god, who loved such tribute, taught. Perched on the sheer chif, Pentheus could eny All, m a mastick hoar ensconced that grew thereby.

### THE BACCHANALS.

Autonoā marked hum, and with frightful cries
Flew to make havee of those mysteries weird
That must not be profaned by valigar eyes
Her frenzy frenzied all Then Penthens feared
And fied and in his wake those damsels three,
Each with her frailing robe up-gathered to the

"What will yo, dames," quoth Pentheus "Thou shalt guess At what we mean, untold," Autonoa said Agavè moaned—so moans a hone's Over her young one—as she clutched his head While Juo on the careas's fauly laid

Her heel, and wrenched away shoulder and shoulderblade

Antonos's turn came next—and what remained
Of flesh their damsels did among them shire,
And back to Thebes they came allo arrange stained,
And planted not a king but sching there.
Warned by this tale, let no man dare dify
Great Bacchus, lest a death more awful he should die.

And when he counts nine years or scarcely ten, Rush to his ruin May I pass my days

And take this motto, all who covet praise: (Twas Ægis-Bearing Zeus that spake it first:)

"The godly seed fares well the wicked's is accurat." Now bless ve Bacchus, whom on mountain anows.

Prisoned in his thigh till then, the Almighty land

And bless ye fairfaced Semelè, and those

Her sisters, hymned of many a hero maid,

Who wrought, by Bacchus fired, a deed which none

May gainsay-who shall blame that which a god hath

done?

# IDYLL XXVII.

# A Countryman's Ellocing.

DAPHVIS. A MAIDEY.

HOW fell sago Helen? through a swam like thee-

Nay the true Helen's just now kissing me.

THE MAIDES.
Satyr, no'er boast: 'what's idler than a kiss?'

PAPURIS.

Yet in such pleasant idling there is bliss.

THE MAIDEN.

I'll wash my mouth: where go thy kieses then?

PAPIENTS.

Wash, and return it-to be kissed again.

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THE MAIDEY

Go kiss your oxen, and not unwed maids.

PAPHNIS

No'er boast, for beauty is a dream that fades.

THE MAIDEY

Past grapes are grapes dead roses keep their smell

DAPHNIS.

Come to you olives I have a tale to tell.

THE MAIDEN

Not I you fooled me with smooth words before.

DAPH\IS

Come to you elms, and hear me pipe once more.

THE MAIDEN

Pipe to yourself your piping makes me cry.

DAPHVIS

A maid, and flout the Paphian? Fie, oh fie!

THE MAIDEY
She's naught to me, if Artems' favour last.

# DAPINIS

Hush, ere she smite you and entrap you fast

THE MAIDEN
And let her smite me, trap me as she will l

# DAPHNIR

Your Artemis shall be your saviour still?

## THE MAIDEN

Unhand me! What, again? Ill tear your hip

# DAPHNIS sele er give

Can you could damsel e er give J ove the slip?

# You are h.s bondslave but not I by Pan!

## D COMMIS

I doubt he'll give thee to a worser man

# THE MAIDEN

Many have woodd me, but I fancied none

# DAPHNIS

Till among many came the destined one

## THE MAIDEN

Wedlock is woe Dear lad, what can I do!

DAPHVIS
Woe it is not, but loy and dancing too,

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THE MAIDEN

Wives dread their husbands so I've heard it said.

# DAPHNIS

Nay, they rule o'er them What does woman dread?

Then children—Eileithya's dart is keen.

DAPHNIS
But the deliverer, Artemis, is your queen.

THE NAIDEN

And bearing children all our grace destroys.

DAPHNIS

Bear them and thine more lustrous in your boys

THE MAIDEN

Should I say yea, what dower awaits me then?

DAPHYIS
Thine are my cattle, thine this glade and glen.

# THE MAINEN.

Swear not to wed, then leave me in my woe?

# DAPHNIS.

Not I by Pau, though thou should'st bid me go.

# THE MAIDEN.

And shall a cot be mine, with farm and fold !

### DAPHNIS

Thy cot's half-built, fair wethers range this wold.

# THE MAIDEN.

What, what to my old father must I say?

### DAPHNIS.

Soon as he hears my name be'll not say nay.

# THE MAIDEN.

Speak it: by e'en a name we're oft beguiled.

# DAPHNIS,

I'm Daphnis, Lycid's and Nomea's child.

### THE MAIDEN.

Well-born indeed: and not less so am I.

#### DAPIDIES.

I know-Menalcas' daughter may look high.

# THE WATDEN

That grove, where stands your sheepfold, show me please.

### DIFFERENCE

Nav look, how green, how tall my cypress-trees.

# THE MAIDEN.

Graze, goats: I go to learn the herdsman's trade.

### DAPTINIS Feed, bulls: I shew my copses to my maid,

THE MAIDEN.

Satyr, what mean you? You presume o'ermuch. DAPHNIS.

This waist is round, and pleasant to the touch.

# THE MAIDEN.

By Pan, I'm like to swoon! Unhand me pray! DAPHNIS

Why be so timorous? Pretty coward, stay.

## THE MAINEN.

This bank is wet: you've soiled my pretty gown,

#### DAPHNIS.

See, a soft fleece to guard it I put down.

#### THE MAIDEN

And you've purloined my sash. What can this mean?

#### DAPHNIS.

This sash I'll offer to the Paphian queen.

#### THE MAIDEN.

Stay, miscreant-some one comes-I heard a noise.

#### DAPHNIS.

'Tis but the green trees whispering of our joys

#### THE MAIDEN

You've torn my plaidie, and I am half unclad.

#### DAPHNIS.

Anon I'll give thee a yet ampler plaid.

#### THE MAIDEN.

Generous just now, you'll one day grudge me bread

---

#### DAPHNIS.

Ah! for thy sake my life-blood I could shed.

#### THE MAIDEN

Artemis, forgive 1 Thy cremite breaks her vow.

DAPHNIS

Love, and Love's mother, claim a calf and cow.

# THE MAIDEN

A woman I depart, my gurlhood o'er.

Be wife, be mother, but a girl no more.

Thus interchanging whispered tall the pair, Their faces all aglow, long lingered there. At length the hour arrived when they must part. With downcast eyes, but sunshine in her heart, She went to tend her flock, while Daphnis ran Back to his herded bulls, a happy man.

DAPTINE

# IDYLL XXVIII.

# The Distast.

DISTAFF, blithely whirling distaff, azire eyed Athens's gift
To the sex the aim and object of whose lives is house-

hold thrift, Seek with me the gorgeous city raised by Neilus, where

Roof of pale-green rush o'er arches Aphroditè's hallowed fane
Thither asl I Zens to waft me, fain to see my old

a plain

friend's face, Nicias, o'er whose birth presided every passion-breathing Grace,

Fain to meet his answering welcome, and anon deposit thee

In his lady's hands, thou marvel of laborious ivory,

Many a manly robe ye'll fashion, much translucent maiden's gear,

- Nay, should e'er the fleecy mothers twice within the selfanne year
- Yield their wool in youder pasture, Theugenis of the
- dainty feet
  Would perform the double labour matron's cares to
- her are sweet
  To an idler or a trifler I had verily been loth
- To resign thee, O my distaff, for the same land bred us
- In the land Counthian Archias built aforetime, thou
- hadst birth,

  In our island's core and marrow, whence have sprung
  the kings of earth
- To the home I now transfer thee of a man who knows full well
- Every craft whereby men's bodies dire diseases may repol
- There to live in sweet Miletus Lady of the Distaff she Shall be named, and oft reminded of her poet friend
- by thee Men shall look on thee and murmur to each other,
- Lo! how small
- Was the gift, and yet how precious! Friendship's mits are priceless all

# IDYLL XXIX.

#### Lobes.

'SINCERITY comes with the wine-cup,' my dear:
Then now o'er our wine cups let us be sincere
My soul's treasured secret to you Fil impart,
It is this, that I never won fairly your heart
One half of my life, I am conscious, has flown,
The residue lives on your image slone
You are hind, and I dream I'm in paradise then;
You are angry, and lo! all is darkness again.
It is right to terment one who loves you? Obey
Your elder; 'twere best; and you'll thank me one
day

Settle down in one nest on one tree (taking care That no cruel reptile can clamber up there), As it is with your lovers you're fairly perplext, One day you choose one bough, another the next Whoe'er at all strock by your graces appears, Is more to you straight than the comrade of years; While he's like the friend of a day put aside; For the breath of your nestrils, I think, is your pride. Form a friendship, for life, with some likely young lad; So doing, in honour your name shall be had.

Nor would Love use you hardly; though lightly can be

Bind strong men in chains, and has wrought upon me Till the steel is as wax—but I'm longing to press That exquisite mouth with a clinging caress.

No? Reflect that you're older each year than the

That we all must grow gray, and the wrinkles come fast.

Reflect, ere you spurn me, that youth at his sides Wests wrage; and once gone, all pursuit be devoder; Nor are men over Leen to catch charms as they fly. Think of this and be gentle, be loving as I; When your years are maturer, we two shall be then The pair in the Iliad over again.

The pair in the lind over again.

But if you consign all ny words to the wind
And say, 'Why annoy me! You're not to my mind,'

I—who lately in quest of the Gold Fruit had sped
For your sake, or of Cerberus guard of the dead—

Though you called me, would no're star a foot from my

door,
For my love and my sorrow thenceforth will be o'er.

# IDYLL XXX.

The Death of Adonis.

CYTHERA saw Adoms
And knew that he was dead;
Sho marked the brow, all grasly now,
The cheek no longer red,
And "Bring the boar before ine"
Unto her Loves she said
Forthwith her winged attendants
Ranged all the woodland e'er,
And found and bound in fetters
Threefold the grasly boar
One dragged him at a rope's end
I'en as a vanquished foe,
One went behind and drave him
And smote him with his low.
On paced the creature feebly,

He feared Cythera so.

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To him said Aphrodit

"So, worst of beasts 'twas you
Who rent that thigh asunder
Who him that loved me slew?'
And thus the beast made answer

"Crithera, bear me swer:
By thee, by him that loved thee,
And by these bonds I werr
And them before whose hounds I ran—
I meant no muschief to the man

Who seemed to thee so fair

Men gaze, I gazed on him,
I seemed on fire with mad desire
To kiss that offered himb
My ruin, Aphroditè,
Thus followed from my whim

"Now therefore take and punish
And fairly cut away
These all unruly tusks of mine,
For to what end serve they?
And if thine indignation
Be not content with this.

# Cat off the mouth that ventured To offer him a kiss "-

THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

But Aphrodité pitied And bade them loose his chara-

The boar from that day forward Still followed in her train;

Nor ever to the wildwood Atteripted to return,

But in the focus of Donne Preferred to been and been.

### IDVLL XXXI.

#### Pabes.

A H for this the most accursed, unendurable of fills!

Nigh two months a fevered fancy for a maid my
bosom fills.

Fair she is, as other damsels but for what the simplest swain

Claims from the demurest maiden, I must sue and sue in vain.

Yet doth now this thing of evil my longsuffering heart beginle,

Though the utmost she vouchsafes me is the shadow of a smile:

And I soon shall know no respite, have no solace e'en in sleep. Yesterday I watched her pass me, and from down-

dropt eyelids peep

At the face she dared not gaze on-every moment

blushing more—

And my love took hold upon me as it never took before.

#### LOVES.

- Home I went a wounded creature, with a my heart,
- And unto the soul within me did my
  - "Soul, why deal with me in this wise? St folly know no bound?
- Canst thou look upon these temples, with their silver crowned,
- And still deem thee young and shapely? Nay, soul, let us be sace.
- Act as they that have already supped the wisdom c
- Men have loved and have forgotten Happiest of all
- To the lover's woes a stranger, from the lover's fetters
- Inghtly his existence passes, as a wild deer fleeting
- Tamed it may be, he shall voyage in a milden's wake
- Still to day 'tis his to revel with his mates in boylood's flowers

at last

- As to thee, thy brain and marrow passion evermore devours.
- Prey to memories that haunt thee e'en in visions of the night,

of heaven

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And a year shall scarcely pluck thee from thy miserable plight "

Such and divers such reproaches did I bean upon tov tuos And my soul in turn made answer -" Whose deems

he can control Wily love, the same shall lightly gaze upon the stars

And declare by what their number overpasses seven times seven Will I, nill I, I may never from my neck his yoke un-

loose So, my friend, a god bath willed it he whose plots could outwit Zens.

And the queen whose home is Cyprus I, a leaflet of

to-day. I whose breath is in my nestrile, am I wrong to own

his sway?"

# FRAGMENT FROM THE "BERENICE"

YE that would fam net fish and wealth within!,
For bare existence harrowing yonder mere,
To this our Lady slay at even fall
That holy fish, which since it hath no peer
For gloss and sheen, the dwellers about here
Have named the Silver Fish This done, let down
Your nets, and draw them up, and never fear
To find them empty\*\*\*\*

# CPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHS

7

YOURS be yon dow steep'd roses, yours be you Think clustering vy, mads of Helson Thine, Pythan Pean, that dark foliaged bay, With such thy Delphian crops thy front array This horn'd and shaggy ram shall stain thy shrine, who erross 'en now the feathering turnectime

TT.

TO Pan doth white himbed Daphnis offer hero
(He once piped sweetly on his herdsman's flute)
His reeds of many a stop, his barbed spear,
And sorp, wherein be held his hoards of fruit.

377.

DAPHNIS, thou alamberest on the leaf-atrown lea,
Thy frame at rest, thy springes newly appread
O'er the fell-side. But two are hunting theo:
Pan, and Prapus with his fair young head
Hung with wan ny Scol they come, they leap
Into thy lair—Hy, Hy,—sinke off the coil of sleep!

ĬΨ.

POR you caken avenue, swam, you must steer,
Where a statue of figwood, you'll see, has been set
It has never been barked, has three legs and no ear,
But I think there is life in the patriarch yet

But I think there is life in the patriarch yet

He is handsomely shrined within fair chapel-walls

Where, fringed with sweet cypross and myrtle and
bay,

A stream ever-fresh from the rock's hollow falls,
And the ringleted vine her ripe store doth display
And the blackbrids, those shrill piping songsters of
spring.

Wake the echoes with wild inarticulate song
And the notes of the mightingale plaintwely ring,
As she pours from her dun throat her lay sweet and
strong

strong

Sitting there, to Priapus, the gracious one, pray
That the lore he has taught me I soon may unlearn
Say I'll give him a kid, and in case he says nay
To this offer, three victims to him will I burn,
A kid, a fleeced ram, and a lamb sleek and fat,
He will liston, maykap, to my prayers upon that

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PRYTHEE, sing something sweet to me-you that can play

First and second at once Then I too will essay To creak on the pipes and you lad shall salute Our ears with a melody breathed through his flate In the cave by the green oak our watch we will keep, And goatish old Pan well defraud of his sleep

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DOOR Thyrsis! What boots it to weep out thine evesi

Thy lad was a fair one, I own But the wolf with his cruel claw made her his prize,

And to darkness her spirit hath flown Do the dogs cry? What boots it? In spite of their cries

There is left of her never a hone

TIT

Afor a Statue of Aesculanius

FAR as Miletus travelled Piean's son . There to be guest of Nicias, guest of one Who heals all sickness, and who still reveres Him, for his sake this cedarn image rears The sculptor's hand right well did Nicias fill , And here the sculptor lavished all his skill.

vm

# Ortho's Epitaph,

TIRIEND, Ortho of Syracuse gives thee this charge:
Never venture out, drank, on a wild winter's night.

I did so and died My possessions were large,

Yet the turf that I'm clad with is strange to me quite.

II.

#### Epitaph of Cleonicus.

MAN, husband existence ne'er launch on the aca
Out of season our tenure of life is but fruil.
Finul of pour Citonnuar: for Those smile! he
From the valleys of Syra, with many a balo.
With many a balo, occan's tides he would stem
When the Fleads were suiling, and hossal, with them

T.

# For a Statue of the Muses

TO you this marble statue, maids divine,
Xenocles raised, one tribute unto nino.
Your votary all admit him. by this skill
He gat him fame: and you be honours still.

#### ZIV

# Epitanh of Turpmeden

THOU hastgone to the grave, and abandoned thy son Yet a babe, thy own manhood but scarcely begun Thou art throned among gods and thy country will take

Thy child to her heart, for his brave father's sake

#### XV.

#### Another

PROVE, traveller, now, that you honour the brave Above the poltroon, when he s laid in the grave, By murmuring 'Peace to Eurymedon dead' The turf should he best on so sacred a head

# IVI For a Status of the Meabenly Aphrodite A PHRODITE stands here, she of heavenly both .

A Not that base one who's woodd by the children of earth

'Tis a goddess, bow down And one blemishless all, Chrysogonè, placed her in Amphieles' hall Chrysogonè's heart, as her children, was his, And each year they knew better what happiness is For, Queen, shife's outset they made thee their friend, Religion is policy too in the end

#### XVII.

#### Co Enicharmus.

READ these lines to Epicharmus They are Dorian,

The sire of Comedy

Of his proper self bereaved, Bacchus, unto thee we rear
His brazen image here,
We in Syracuse who sojourn, elsewhere born. Thus

much we can

Do for our countryman,

Mindful of the debt we owe him For, possessing

Of legendary lore,

Many a whole ome word, to pilot youths and maids thro' life, be spake

We honour him for their sake.

ti - ----- with for their ax

xviii Epitaph of Clinta, Dutse of Medeius.

THE babe Medeus to his Thracian nurse
This stone—inscribed To Gleita—reared in the

midhighway Her modest virtues oft shall men rehearse :

Who doubts it? is not 'Clera's worth' a proverb to this day?

#### EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHS

TIT.

#### To Archilochus.

DAUSE, and scan well Architochus, the bard of elder

By east and west Alike's confest

The mighty lyrist's praise.

Dehan Apollo loved him well, and well the sister-choir:

His songs were fraught With subtle thought.

And matchless was his lyre.

ıx.

Under a Statue of Deigander. WHO WHOTE THE LABOURS OF RESACLES.

HE whom ye gaze on was the first That in quant song the deeds rehearsed Of him whose arm was swift to smite, Who dared the hon to the fight.

That tale, so strange, so manifold, Persander of Camerns told.

For this good work, thou may'st be sure His country placed him here,

In solid brass that shall endure Through many a month and year.

III

#### Epitaph of Wipponar.

BEHOLD Hipponax' burulplace,
A true bard's grave
Approach it not, if you're a base
And base born knave
But if your eires were honest men
And unblamed you,
Sit down thereon serenely then,

Tuneful Hipponax rests him here. Let no base rascal venture near Ye who rank high in birth and mind Sit down—and sleep, if so inclined.

And eke sleep too.

3317

#### On his own Book.

NOT my namesake of Chios, but I, who belong To the Syracuse burghers, have sung you my song. I'm Praxagoras' son by Philinna the fair, And I nover asked praise that was owing claswhere.



## VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

# ECLOGUE I Meliecus Tityrus

M

TRETCHED in the shadow of the broad beech,
thou
Rehearsest, Tityrus on the slender pape
The woodland music We our fatherland

Are leaving, we must shun the fields we love While, Tityrus, then, at ease and the shade, Bidd'st answering woods call Amarylis 'fair' O Mehbous' The a god that made For me this boliday for god 171 aye Account him, many a young lamb from my fold

Shall stain his altar Thanks to him, my kine to

T

7.5

Range, as thou seest them thanks to him, I play
What songs I list upon my shepherd's pipe
For me, I grudge thee not, I marvel much

So sore a trouble is in all the land

Lo! feeble I am driving hence my goats—

T

35

T

Nay dragging, Tityrus, one, and that with pain For, yearing here amidst the hazel-stems, She left her twin kids—on the naked flint She left them, and I lost my promised flock This evil, I remember, oftentimes, (Hid not my wits been wandering,) caks foretold

By heaven's hand smitten oft the wicked crow Croaked the same message from the rifted holm

—Yet tell me, Tityrus, of this 'God' of thine
The city men cull Rome my folly deemed
Was e'en like this of ours, where week by week
Wo shepherds journey with our weaning flocks
So whelp to dog, so kid (I knew) to dam
Was likest and I judged great things by
small

But o er all cities this so lifts her head, 30 As doth o'er osters lithe the cypress tree What made thee then so keen to look on Rome? Freedom who marked, at last, my helpless

state
Now that a whiter beard than that of yore
Fell from my razor still she marked, and

came
(All late) to help me—now that all my thought
Is Amaryllis, Galates gone

189

While Galates s. I despured, I own. Of freedom, and of thrift Though from my

farm Full many a victim stept, though nich the cheese Pressed for you thankless city still my hand

Returned not, heavy with brass pieces, home 35 I wondered, Amarvllis, whence that woe, And those appeals to heav n for whom the neach

Hung undisturbed upon the parent tree home 1"

Tityrus was gone! Why, Tityrus pine and rill, And all these copses, cried to thee, " Come m What could I do? I could not step from out My bonds, nor meet, save there, with Pow'rs

so kind There, Melibous, I beheld that youth smoke

your buils "

And marsh choke every field with reedy mud

50 For whom each year twelve days my altars Thus answered he my yet unanswered prayer, "Feed still my lads, your kine, and yoke

Happy old man! Thy lands are yet thine own! M Lands broad enough for thee, although bare

etones

Where, piles of shadow, thick the beeches rose:
There, all alone, his unwrought phrases flung,
Bootless as passionate, to copie and crag.
"Hardhearted! Naught car'st thou for all my
sours.

Nanght putest. I shall die, one day, fer thee.
The very cattle court cool shadows now,
'Now the green lizard hades beneath the thorn: to
And for the reaper, faunt with driving heat,
The handmaids mix the garlie-salad strong.
My only mates, the crickets—as I track
'Neath the fierce ann thy steps—make shrill the
woods.

Better to endure the passion and the pride
Of Amaryllis better to endure
Menalcas—dark albeit as thou art fair.
Put not, oh fair, in difference of hie
Faith overmuch: the white Visy-blossoms drop
And die, the hyacinth swart, men gather it.
Thy scorn am I: thou sal'st not whence I am,
How rich in snowy flocks, how stored with milk.
O'er Sicily's green hills a thousand lambs
Wander, all mine: my new milk fails me not
In summer or in anow Then I can sing
All songs Amphion the Direana sang,
Piping his flocks from Attic Aracynth,
Nor am I all uncouth. For resterday,

When winds had laid the seas, I, from the shore, Beheld my image Little need I fear 30 Daphins, though thou wert judge, or mirrors lie—Oh! be content to haunt ungenite fields, A cottager, with me, bring down the stag, And with green switch drive home thy flocks of kids-Like mine, thy woodland songs shall rival Pan's I—Twas Pan first taught us reed on reed to fit With wax Pan watches herd and herdsuan too—Nor blush that reeds should chafe thy pretty lp What pans Amyutas took, this skill to gain I I have a pipe—soven stalks of different lengths 40 Compose 11—which Damottas gave me once Dring he said, "At last 't sail three own!"

The fool Amyntas beard, and gradged, the praise fwo fawns moreover (perilous was the gorgo Down which I tracked (hem i)—dipplied still each skin— Drain daily two ewe udders, all for thee

Long Thestylis has cried to make them hers Hers be they—since to thee my gifts are dross

Bo mine, oh fairest! See! for thee the Nymphs Bear bashots hip laden Nasads bright 50 For thee crop poppy crests and violets pale, With dasfodi and fragrant fennel bloom Thon, wearing casa in and all sweet things, mix

194

Soft hyacuth pant with yellow margold Apples I II bring thee, boar with tender bloom, And chestants—which my Amaryllis loved, And waxen plums let plums too have their day And thee I'll pluck oh bay, and, myrtle, thee Its n-ighbour neighboured thus your sweets shall

—Pooh! Thou'rt a yolo!, Corydon Thy love 60 Laughs at thy gifts if gifts must win the day, Rich is Iolas. What thing have I, Poor I, been asking—while the winds and boars Ran rich in my pools and o er my flowers?

-Yet, fool, whom fliest thou? Gods have dwelt in woods,

And Dardan Paris Ctadels let ker
Who built them, Pallas, haunt green woods for me
Grim loos hunt the wolf and wolves the kid,
And kids at play the clover bloom I hunt
Thee only each one drawn to what he loves 70
Seo! trailing from their needs the kine bring home
Tho plough, and, as he sinks the sun draws out
To twice their length the shadows Still I burnt
With love For what can end or alter love!

Thou'rt raving, simply raving, Corydon Chings to thy leafy elm thy half prined vine Why not begin, at least, to plant with twigs And limber reeds some useful homely thing? Thou'lt find another love, if scorned by this

#### ECLOGUE III

MENALCAS DAMETAS PALAMON

#### M

- WHOSE flock, Damostas? Melibosos's?

  D No Ægon s Ægon left it in my care
- M Unluckiest of flocks ' Your master courts Newrs, wondering if she like me more Meanwhile a stranger milks you twice an hour, Sans the flocks' strength, and robs the suckling
  - D Yet fling more charily such words at men You-while the goats looked goatish-wa know who.

lambe

- And in what chapel—(but the kind Nymphs laughed)—
- M Then (was it?) when they saw me Micon's shrubs

  And young vines hacking with my rascally hote?

D.

Both count the flock twice daily, one the kids, But what you'll own far handsomer, I'll stake (Since you will be so mad) two beechen cups.

The carved work of the great Alcumedon O'er them the chiseller's skill has traced a vine That drapes with ivy pale her wide-flung carls. Two figures in the centre Conon one, And-what's that other's name, who'd take a

brew And show the nations how the year goes round. When you should reap, when stoop behind the ulough?

Ne'er yet my has came near them, safe hid an For me two cups the self-ame workman made, And clasped with lissom briar the handles henor

Ornheus 1' the centre, with the woods behind No'er vet my hips came near them, safe hid up Your eve. 15 idle

31. Facape me Name your spot, and I'll be then Our umpire te-Palamon, here i e comes! I'll teach you how to challenge folks to sing n

-This talk of cups, if on my cow you've fixed ce veb eith ton If por val. Come on, if aught is in you I'm ait loth, I shrink from no man Only, neighbour, thou (Tis no small matter) by this well to beart,

198	vingh s ect <sup>1</sup> ogues. [Ect. III
P	Say on, since now we sit on softest grass, And now buds every field and every tree, And woods are green, and passing fair the year Damortes, lead Menaicas follow next 60 Sing verso forverse auch songs the Museslove
D	With Jove we open Jove fills everything,
	He walks the earth he listens when I sing
M	Me Phobus loves I still have offerings meet
	For Phoebus bay and bysomth blushing sweet
D	Me Galatea pelts with fruit and flies
	(Wild girl) to the woods but first would catch my eyes
M	Unbid Amyntas comes to me, my flame,
	With Delia's self my dogs are not more tame
D	Gifts have I for my fair who marked but I 70
	The place where doves had built their nest sky high?
М	I've sent my poor gift, which the wild wood bore
	Ten golden apples Soon I'll send ten more
D	Oft Galates tells me what sweet tales !
	Wast to the god's ears just a part, ye gales
M	At heart Amyntas loves me Yet what then?
	He mates with hunters, I with servingmen.
D	Send me thy Phyllis, good Iolas now
	m 311

To-day s my birthday When I slay my cow

har III.]

To help my harvest--come, and welcome, thou 80

- M Phillis is my love When we part, she'll cry,
  And fain would bid Iolas' self good bye '
- D Wolves kill the flocks, and storms the ripened corn ,

And winds the tree, and me a maiden's scorn

M Rain is the land's delight, weaned Lids the

- vine
  Big ewes' hithe willow, and one fair face mine
- D Pollio laves well this homely muse of mine
  For a new votary fat a calf ye \ine 88
- M Pollo makes songs For him a bull demand,
- Who butts whose hoofs already spurn the saud

  D Who loves thee, Polho, go where theu art hone
- For him flow honey, thorns sprout cinnamon

  M Who leathes not Bavius, let him love thy notes,
- Mavius —and yoke the fox, and milk he goits

  D Flowers and ground strawberries while your
  - Flowers and ground strawberries while your prize ye make,

1 Pating the vocative "Iolla" in line 79 as Mr. hen edy does into the mouth of Menalcas, not of Phyllis, I would substitute these lines for my original ones —

> Phillis is my dear love She wept when I— (Yes I Iolias)—left her and "Good bye", She said "Iolias fair; a long Good bye"

200	VIRGIL'S ÉCLÒGUES. [Ect. III.
	Cold in the grass-fly hence, lads-lurks the
M	Sheep, banks are treacherous. draw not over- nigh.
	See, now the lordly ram his fleece doth dry
D	Tityrue, you she goats from the river bring
	I in due time will wash them at the spring 100
M	Call, lads, your sheep Once more our hands, should heat
	O'ertake the milk, will prove in vain the teat.
D.	How rich these vetches, yet how lean my ox.
	Love kills able the herdsman and the flocks
М.	My lambs—and here love 's not in fault, you'll own—
	Witched by some jealouseye, are skin and bone.
D.	Say in what land—and great Apollo be
	To me - heaven's arch extends just cubits three.
М	Say in what lands with kings' names grav'n are grown
	Flowers—and be Phyllis yours and yours alone.
P.	Not mine such strife to settle You have earned
	A cow, and you and whose else shall e'er
	Shrink from love's sweets or prove his bitter- ness.
	Close, lads, the springs. The meads have drunk enough.

low

#### ECLOGUE IV.

MUSES of Sicily, a lofter song
Wake we! Some tire of shrubs and myrtles

Are woods our theme? Then princely be the woods

Come are those last days that the Sybil sang The ages' mighty march begins anew Now comes the virgin, Saturn reigns again Now from high heaven descends a wondrous race Thon on the newborn babe---who first shall end That age of iron, bid a golden dawn Upon the broad world-chaste Lucina, amile Now thy Apollo reigns And, Polito, thou Shalt be our Prince, when he that grander age Opens, and onward roll the mighty moons Thou, trampling out what printsour crimes have left. Shalt free the nations from perpetual fear While he to bliss shall waken, with the Blest See the Brave mingling, and be seen of them, Ruling that world o'er which his father's arm shed peace ---

1

no 2

On thee, child, everywhere shall earth, untilled, Show'r, her first baby offerings, vagrant stems 20 Of ave, foxglove, and gay briar, and bean, Unbid the goats shall come big uddered home. Nor monstrous hone scare the herded kine Thy cradle shall be full of pretty flowers Die must the serpent treacherous poison plants Must die, and Syria's roses spring like weeds

But, soon as thou canst read of hero-deeds Such as thy father wrought, and understand What is true worth the champaign day by day Shall grow more yellow with the waving corn, 30 From the wild bramble purpling then shall hang The grape, and stubbern caks drop honeydew Yet traces of that guile of elder days Shall linger, bidding men tempt scas in ships. Gird towns with walls, cleave furrows in the land Then a new Tiphys shall arise, to man New argosies with heroes then shall be New wars , and once more shall be bound for Troy,

After this.

When thou hast grown and strengthened into man,

A mightier Achilles

The pilot's self shall range the seas no more, Nor, each land teeming with the wealth of all. The floating pines exchange their merchandise Vines shall not need the pruning hool, nor earth The harrow ploughmen shall unyoke their steers Nor then need wool be taught to counterfeit. This hue and that At will the meadow raim Shall change to saffron, or the gorgeous thats Of Tyro, has fair fleece, and the grazing lamb At will put crimson on

So grand an age 50 and their spindles spin.

Did those three Sisters bid their spindles spin, Three, telling with one voice the changeless will of Fato

To thy great glory, chershed child of heaven, Jore's mighty progeny! And lot the world, The round and ponderous world, bows down to thee, The earth, the ocean tracts, the depths of heaven Lot nature revels in the coming age

Oh draw-the time is all but present-near

Oh! may the evening of my days last on, May breath be mine, till I have told thy deeds! 60 Not Orpheus then, not Lanus, shall outsing We though each vannts his mother or his sire.

Calliopea this, Apollo that Let Pan strive with me, Arcady his judge, Pan, Arcady his judge, shall yield the palm. Learn, tiny babe to read a mother's smile Already ten long months have weared her Learn, tiny babe Him, who no'er knew such smiles, Nor god nor goddess bids to board or bed

# ECLOGUE V

# MENALCAS MOPSES

Me

204

MOPSUS, suppose, now two good men have

You at flute blowing, as at verses I-We sit down here, where elm and hazel mix Mo Menalcas, meet it is that I obey

Mine elder Lead, or into shade-that shifts At the wind's fancy-or (may hap the best)

Into some cave Sec here a a cave o'er which A wild vine flings her flimsy foliage ጸ Me On these hills one-Amyntas-vies with you

Mo Suppose he thought to outsing Phœbus' self? Me Mopsus, begin If aught you know of flames

That Phyllis kindles aught of Alcon's worth, Or Codrus s ill temper, then begin

# Ecl V) VIRGIL'S FOLOGUES

Me.

Tityrus meanwhile will watch the grazing kids.

Mo Ay, I will sing the song which tother day

On a green beach's bark I cut, and scored

On a green beech's bark I cut, and scored
The music, as I wrote
Amyntas vie with me

As willow liths

Yields to pale olive, as to crimson beds
Of roses yields the lowly larender,
So, to my mind, Amyntas yields to you
Bu, lid, no more we are within the cave

(Sings) The Nymphs wort Diphnis, slim by ruthless death Ye, streams and hazels, were their witnesses

When, clasping tight her son's unhappy corpse,
"Ruthless," the mother cried, "are gods and
stars"

stars"

None to the cool brooks led in all those days,
Daphins, his fed flocks no four-footed thing
Stooped to the pool, or cropped the meadowgrass

29
How lions of the desert mourned thy death,
Forests and mountains wild proclaim aloud
Twas Daphins taught mankind to yoke in cars
The tiger, lead the winegod's revet on,

And round the touch spear twine the bending

loaf.

Vines are the green wood's glory, grapes the vine's The bull the cattle's, and the rich lanl's corn

906

The bull the cattle's, and the rich lan l's corn
Thou art thy people's When thou metst thy
doom,

Both Pales and Apollo left our fields
In furrows where we dropped big barley see is,
Spring now rank dernol and the barren reed
Not violet soft and shining daffodil,

41

But it istles rear themselves and sharp spiked thorn Shepherds, strow earth with leaves, and hang

the springs
With darkness! Daphnis asks of you such
rites

And raise a tomb, and place this rhyme thereon "Tamed in the green woods, famed beyond the skies,

A fair flock's fairer lord, here Daphnis lies"

Me Welcome thy song to me, oh sacred bard,
As, to the weary, sleep upon the grass
As, in the summer-heat, a bubbling spring 50
Of sweetest water, that shall slake our thirst
In song, as on the pipe, thy master's match,
Thou, gitted lad, shalt now our master be
Yet will I sing in turn, in my poor way,

# Ecr. V ] VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES

My song, and raise thy Daphnis to the stars— Raise Daphnis to the stars—He loved me too Mo—Could aught in my eyes such a boon outweigh?

Song-worthy was thy theme and Stimichon Told me long since of that same lay of thine Me (Sings) Heaven's unfamiliar floor, and clouds and stars, 60 Fair Daphnis, wondering, sees beneath his foct

Fair Daphnis, wondering, sees beneath his feet Therefore gay revolves fill wood and field, Pan, and the shepherds, and the Dryad maids Wolves plot not harm to sheep, nor nets to

Wolves plot not harm to sheep, nor nets to deer,

Because kind Daphnis makes it holiday
Theunshorn mountains fling their jubilant voice
Up to the stars—the crays and copies shout

Op to the stars the crags and copies smooth Aloud, "A god, Menalcas, lo' a god" Oh! be thou kind and good unto thuse own! Behold four eltars, Daphins two for thee, 70 Two, piled for Phoebos Thereupon I'll place Two cups, with new milk fearning, year by

year,
Two goblets filled with richest olive-oilAnd, first with much wine making glad the
feast-

At the fireside in snowtime, 'neath the trees In harvest—pour, rare nectar, from the can The wines of Chios Lyctian Æzon then Shall sing me songs, and to Damœtas' pipe Alpheubœus dance his Satyr dance And this shalt thou lack never when we pay The Nymphs our vows, and when we cleanse the fields

the fields St While boars haunt mountain heights, and fishes streams,

streams,
Bees feed on thyme, and grasshoppers on dew,
Thy name, thy needs thy glory shall abide
As Bacchus and as Ceres, so shalt thou
Year after year the shepherd s yows receive,
So bind him to the letter of his yow

Mo What can I give thee, what, for such a song? Less sweet to methecoming South wind's sigh, The sea wave breaking on the shore, the noise Of rivers, rushing through the stony vales or

Me First I shall offer you this britile pipe This taught me how to sing, "Tor one fair face"

This taught me "Whose flock? Melibours's?"

Mo Take thou this crook, which oft Antigenes
Asked—and he then was loveable—in vain,

Asked—and he then was loveable—in vair Brass tipped and even knotted—beautiful l

30

# ECLOQUE VI

MY muse first stooped to trifle, like the Greek's. In numbers, and, unblushing, dwelt in woods I sang embattled kings but Cynthius plucked My ear, and warned me "Tityrus, fat should be A shopherd's wethers, but his lays thin drawn " So-for enough and more will strive to tell. Varus, thy deeds, and mie un grisly wars-On nine of straw will I my wood notes sing I sing not all unbid Yet oh! should one Smit by great love, should one read this my lay- to Then with thee, Varus, shall our myrtle groves, And all these copses, ring Right dearly loves Phoebus the page that opens with thy name

# On, sisters!

-Chromis and Massylus saw (Two lads) Silenus in a cave asleep As usual, swoln with yesterday's debauch Just where it fell his garland lay hard by, And on worn handle hung his ponderous can They-for the old man oft had cheated each

Of promised songs-draw near, and make his wreaths

VIPGILS LCI OGULS Fetters to bind him A gle makes a third, (A gle, the loveliest of the Nasad maids.) To back their fears and, as his eyes unclose, Paints brow and temples red with mulberry He, laughing at the trick, eries, "Wherefore weave These fetters? Lads, unbird me 'tis enough But to have seemed to have me in your power. Ye ask a song , then listen You I'll pay With song for her I've other meed in store" And forthwith he begins Then riight you see 30 Move to the music haun and forest beast, And tall oaks bow their heads | \ot so delights Parnassus in Apollo not so charmed At Orpheus Rhodope and Ismarus

For this he sang -- How, drawn from that vast voi l. Gathered the germs of earth and at and sea And liquid flame How the Beginning spring Thence, and the young world waxed into a ball Then Earth, grown harder, walled the sea-god off In seas, and slowly took substantial form Till on an awed world dawned the wondrons sun. And straight from heaven by clouds unbroken, fell The showers as woods first bourgeoned, here and

A wild beast wandering over hills unknown.

there

Of Pyrrha casting stones, and Saturn's reign, The stolen fire, the eagles of the rock, He sings - and then, beside what soring last

He sings and then, beside what spring last seen The sailors called for Hylas—till the shore All rang with 'Hylas,' Hylas '—and consoles (Happy it horned herds never had been born,) so With some fair bullock's love Pasiphac.

With some fair bullock's love Passphae.
Ah! hapless maid! What madness this of thine?
Once a king's daughters made believe to fow,
And ranged the leas but neither stooped to ask
Those base beasts' love: though each had often
feared

To find the ploughman's gear about her neck,
And felt on her smooth brow for budding horns
Ah! hapless waid! Thou roam'st from hilt to hill
He under some dark oak—his snowy side
Cushioned on hyacinths—chews the pale-green
grass,
Or woos some favourite from the herd "Close.

Nymphs,
Dictman Nymphs, oh close the forest-glades!
If a bull's random footprints by some chance
Should greet me! Lured, may be, by greener grass,

Should greet me! Lured, may be, by greener grass, Or in the herd's wake following, vagrant kine. May bring him straight into my father's fold!" —Then sings he of that maid who paused to gaze. At the charmed apples:—and surrounds with moss, Bitter tree-moss, the daughters of the Sun,
Till up they spring tall alders —Then he sings 70
How Galles, wandering to Parnassus' stream,
A sister led to the Aoman hills,
And, in a mortal's bonour, streight uprose
The choir of Phosbus How that priest of song,
The shepherd Linus,—all his hair with flowers
And bitter parsley shining,—spake to him
"Take—lo' the Muses give it thee—this pipe,
Once that Aerema's old to this would be
Sing till the stordy mountain-ash came down
Sing thon on this, whence spring Adola's grove, 80
Till in no wood Apollo gloty more "

So on and on he sang —How Nisus, famed In story, troubled the Dulchina ships, And in the deep seas bid her sea-dogs rend The trembling sailors Tercus' tale he told, How he was changed what banquet Philomel, What prevent, decked for him and how she flew To the far wilderness, and figurg paused—
[Poor thing)—to flutter round her ancient home

All songs which one day Phonbus sang to charmed 90

Eurotas—and the laurels learnt them off—

He sang. The thrilled vales fling them to the stars
Till He-per bade them house and count their flocks,

And journeyed all unwelcome up the sky.

#### ECLOGUE VII

# MELIBRELS, CORYDON, THYRSIS

11

DAPHVIS was scated 'neath a murmurous oal,

When Corydon and Thyrsis (so it chanced)
Had driv n their two flocks—one of sheep, and
one

Of teeming goats—together herdsmon both, Both in life s spring, and able well to sing Or, challenged, to reply To that same spot I, guarding my young my reles from the frest, Find my goat strayed, the patriarch of the herd

And straight spy Daphnis He, espying me In turn, cries, "Melibous! Lither quick iso Thy goat, and kids, are safe And if thou hast

An hour to spare, set down beneath the shade Hither unbid will troop scross the leas The kine to drink green Mineius fringes bere His banks with deheate bullruth, and a noise Of wild bees rises from the sacred ook." What could I do? Alesppe I had none,
Nor Phylls, to shut up my new-weared lambs.
Then, there was war on foot—a unighty war—
Thyrass and Corydon!—So in the end 20
I made my business wait upon their sport—
So singing yersiof or verse—that well the Muse
Might mark it—they began their singing—
match
Thus Corrdon, thus Thyrass sang in turn

914

n

T.

(They sing )
"Ye Fountain Nymphs, my loves! Grant me

to sing
LakeCodrus —next Apollo srank hishnes —
Or here—if all may scarce do everything—

I'll liang my pipe up on these sacred pines '
"Swains! a new minstrel deck with my now,

Till Codrus burst with envy! Or, should he 30 Flatter o'ermach, twine forglove o'er my brow, Lesthishusve's flattery spoil the bard tobe!"

O ""To Dan, from young Micon this boar's head,
And these broad antiers of a veteran buck,"
Full-length in marble—ancle bound with red
Buskins—I'll rear her, should to-day bring
luck."

T "Ask but this bowl, Priapus, and this cake Each year for poor the garden thou dost heep. c.

a.

T.

Our small means made thee marble whom we'll make

Of gold, should lambing multiply our sheep" 40
"Maid of the seas! more sweet than Hybla s

"Maid of the seas! more sweet than Hybla thyme,

Graceful as 1ry, white as is the swan! When home the fed flocks wend at evening's

prime,
Then come—if aught thou car'st for Cory-

T. "Hark! butterer than wormwood may I bo,
Bristingasbroom, as drifted sea-weed cheap,
If this day seem not a long year to me!

don "

If this day seem not a long year to me!

Home, bome for very shaine, my o'er-fid
sheep!"

sheep!"
"Ye mosey rills, and lawns more soft than
dreams,
49
Thinly roofed overby these leaves of green

From the great heat—now summer's come now teems The jocund vine with buds—my cattle

acreen"
"Warm hearth, good faggets, and great fires
you'll find

In my home black with smoke are all its planks:

#### ECLOSUE VIII

### A LPHESIBŒUS'S and Damon's muse— Charmed by whose strife the steer forget to graze,

Whose notes made lynxes motionless, and bade Rivers turn back and listen—sing we next Alphesibeus's and Damon's muse

Winn'st thou the erags of great Timavus now, Or skrivest strands where break Illyran seas? I know not But oh when aball that day dawn When I may tell thy deeds? give earth thy lays, That match alone the pomp of Sophocles? 10 With thee began, with thee shall end, my song Accept what then didst ask, and round thy brow Twine this poor vey with thy victor bays

"Twas at the hour when night's cold shadow scarce Had left the skies, when, blest by herdsmen, hanga The dewdrop on the grass, that Damon leaned On his smooth olive staff, and thus began

"Wake, morning star! Prevent warm day, and

While, duped and humbled, I—because I loved Nisa with all a hustand's love—complan, 20 And call the gods, (though naught their cognizance Availed,) at my last hour, a dying man. Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady

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"There forests murmur aye, and punes discourse, And lovelorn swains, and Pan, who first reclaimed From idione's the reed, bath audience there, Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady

"Nisa—is aught impossible in love?—
Is given to Mopsus Griffins next will mate
With mares our children see the coward deer 30
Come with the hound to drink Go, shape the
torch,

Mopsus! fling, bridegroom, nuts! Thou lead'st a
wife
Home, and o'er Œta peers the evening star

Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady

"Oh, mated with a worthy husband! thou

Who scorn'st mankind—abborr'st this pipe, these

goats
Of mue, and shaggy brows, and hanging beard
Nor think'st that gods can see what mortals do !
Begin, my flate, a song of Arcady.

50

"Within our orchard walls I saw thee first 40 A wee child with her mother-(I was sent To guide you)-gathering apples wet with dew Ten years and one I scarce had numbered then Could scarce on tiptoe reach the brittle boughs I saw, I fell, I was myself no more Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady

"Now know I what love is On hard rocks

horn Tmaros, or Rhodope, or they who dwell In utmost Africa do father him,

No child of mortal blood or lineage Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady

"In her son's blood a mother dipped her hands At fierce love's bidding Hard was her beart

Which harder? her heart or that knavish boy s? Anavish the boy, and hard was her heart too. Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady

"Now let the wolf first turn and fly the theep: Hard oaks bear golden apples daffodil Bloom on the alder and from myrtle-stems Ooze richest amber I et owls vie with swans; And he as Orpheus-Orpheus in the woods,

Arion with the dolphins-every swain, 62 (Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady)

"And earth become mid ocean Woods. foressell ( Down from some breezy mountain height to

the wates

I'll fing me. Take this last gift ere I die. Unlearn, my flate, the songs of Arcady."

Thus Damon. How the other made reply Sing, sisters Scarce may all do everything.

Å "Fetch water wreathe you altar with soft wool. 70 And burn rich vervain and brave frinkingense: That I may try my lord's clear sense to warp

> With dark rites Naught is lacking save the songs. Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city

home.

"Songs can bring down the very moon from heaven

Circe with songs transformed Ulysses' crew. Songs shall in sunder burst the cold grass snake

Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home.

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Ecz VIII 7

"Three threads about thee, of three several hues,
I twine, and thrace—(odd numbers please the
god)—

Carry thy image round the altar stones Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home

"Weave, Amaryllis, in three knots three hics Just weave and say 'I'm weaving chains of love' Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home

"As this clay hardens, melts this wax, at one And the same frame so Daphnis 'neath my love Strew meal, and light with pitch the cracking bay Daphnis burns me, for Daphnis burn these bays Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home go

"Be his such longing as the heifer feels
When, faint with seeking her lost mate through
copse

And deepest grove, beside some water-brook
In the green grass she sinks in her despair,
Nor cares to yield possession to the night
Be his such longing mino no wish to heal
Bring, aongs, bring Daphnis from the city home

"Pledges of love, these clothes the trutor once Bequeathed me I commit them, Earth, to thee Here at my threshold He is bound by the Le 100 Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home

The-o deadly plants great Merns gave to me, In Pontus placked in Pontus thousands grow By their aid have I seen him skulk in woods A wolf, nusepulchre the burned dead, And charm to other fields the standing corn Brings, somes, brings Dashbus from the city home

"Go, Amaryllis, ashes in thy hand
Throw them—and look not backwards—o'er thy
head
Into a running stream These next I li try 110

On Daphnis who regards not gods nor songs Bring, songs, bring Dapl his from the city home

Bring, songs, bring Dipi ins from the city home

"See! While I hesitate, a quivering flame

If the clitched the wood self resuing from the ash

May this mean good! Something—for Hylas too

Barks at the gate—it must mean I sit true?

Or are we lovers dupes of our own dreums?

Cease, songs, cease Daphius comes from the city

home!"

#### ECLOGUE IX

### LYCIDAS MERIS

# T.

M CRIS, on foot? and on the road to town?

M Oh Lycidas!—we live to tell—how

one—
(Who dreamed of this?)—a stranger—holds

our farm,
And says, "'Tis mine its ancient lords,

begone!"

Beaten, cast down—for Chance is lord of all—
Westend him—bootlessly mayhap—these kida

We send him—bootiessly mayhap—these kida

L Yet all, I heard, from where we lose you hills,

With gradual bend down-sloping to the brook,

And those old beeches, broken columns now,
Had your Menaicas rescued by his songs to
M Thou heardst Fame said so But our songs

avail,
Moris, no more 'mid warspears than, they say,
Dodona's doves may, when the engle stoops
A boding raven from a rifted oak

Warned me, by this means or by that to mp This strange strife in the bud or dead were

Thy Moras, dead were great Manaleus too

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L	Could such curse fall on man?	Had we so
	Lost thee, Menaicas, and thy pleasantries?  Who then would sing the nymphs? Who strow with flowers	
	The ground, or train green darkness o'er the	

springs ? And oh! that song, which I (saying ne'er a (frow Copied one day-(while thou wert off to see My darling, Amaryllis,)-from thy notes " Feed, while I journey but a few short steps. Tityrus, my goats and, Tityrus, when they've fed. Lead them to drink and cross not by the way

But that to Varus, that unfinished one! "Varus! thy name, if Mantua still be ours- to [Mantua! to poor Cremons all too near.)-Shall tuneful awans exalt unto the stars " Begin, if in thee's night So may not yews Of Cyrnus lure thy bees so, clover fed.

The he-goat's path his borns are dangerous "

M

3. Thy cattle teem with mil. Me too the muse Hath made a mustrel I have songs, and me The swains call ' poet ' But I heed them not. For scarce yet sing I as the great ones sing, But, a goose, cackle among piping swans.

Indeed, I am busy turning o'er and o'er- 40 In hones to recollect it -in my brain

A song, and not a mean one, Lycidas

"Come, Galateal sport'st thon in the waves" Here apring is purpling, thick by river banks Bloom the cay flowers, white poplar climbs ahoro

The caves, and young vines plant a roof hetween

Come! and let mad sees beat against the

shore " What were those lines that once I heard thee

T, sing, All uncompanioned on a summer night-

I know the music, if I had the words " Dupl ms ! why watch those old-world planets TISO ?

M

Lo! onward marches eacred Cosar's star. The star that made the valleys laugh with corp. And grapes grow ruddier upon sunny hills

Sow, Daphnis, pears, whereof thy sons shall eat " -Time carnes all-our memories e'en-away Well I remember how my boys h songs Would oft outlast the liveleng summer day And now they're all forgot His very voice

Hath Morralest on Muris welves have looked

—But oft thou'lt hear them from Menalcas yet.

L. Thy pleas but draw my passion out. And lo!
All hushed to listen is the wide sea-floor,
And laid the murmurings of the soughing

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And laid the marmarings of the soughing winds.

And now we're half way there. I can descry Bianor's grave. Here, Moris, where the swains

Bianor's grave. Here, Morrs, where the swains Are raking off the thick leaves, let us sing. Or, if we feel lest ingth meanwhile bring up The rain clouds, sugging let us journey on—(The way will seem less tedious)—journey on binging: and I will ease theo of thy load.

M Cease, lad We'll do what hes before us

Then sing our best, when comes the Master

### ECLOGUE X.

#### GALLUS

Off Arcthuse, let this last task be mine in One song—a song Lycoris' self may read—My Gallus asks. who'd grudge one song to him? So, when thou and'st beneath Sicihan seas,

May no'er salt Dorss mix her stream with thingo Begin and sing—while you blunt muzzles search The underwood—of Gallus torn by love We lack not audience woods take up the notes Where were vs. Naud Nymphs, in group

We lack not audience woods take up the notes
Where were ye, Nauad Nymphs, in grove or
glen,
When Gallus died of unrequited love?

Not heights of Pindus or Parnassus, no Aonan Aganippe kept ye then Him o'en the laurels wept and myrtle groves Stretch'd' reath the lone chift, pury Monalas And chill Lyconum's stones all wept for ! "
The sheep stood round They think not soon And think not soons. O press of song, of then Sieop riar aubms isca' desiab the drouks. The shepherds came. The law herdamen can can be come, from the winter scores of roungs wet.

Menalcas "Whence," all ask, "this love of thine?" Apollo came and, "Art thou mad," he suith, 'Gallus? Thy love, through bristling camp; and anows.

Tracks now another's steps." Silvanus came, Crowned with his woodland glories to and fr<sub>o</sub> Rocked the great lilies and the fennel bloom. Pan came, Arcadas's Pan (I have seen him, red With elder berries and with cunsbar ) VIRGIL'S LCLOGUES. [Ecl. X.

40

"Is there no end?" quoth he "Love heeds not this

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Tears sate not cruel Love nor rills the leas, Nor the bees clover, nor green boughs the goat "

But he rejoins sad faced "Yet sing this song Upon your hills, Arcadians ! none but ye Can sing Oh! pleasantly will rest my bones,

If pipe of yours shall one day tell my loves Oh! had I been as you are! kept your flocks Or gleaned, a vintager, your mellow grapes !

A Phyllis, an Amyntas-whom you will-Had been my passion-what if he be dark? Violets are dark and hyacinths are dark ---

And now should we be sitting side by side. Willows around us and a vine o erhead, He caroling, or plucking garlands she

-Here are cold springs Lycons, and soft lawns, F And woods with thee I d here decay and die Now, for gram war accoutred, all for love. In the fray's centre I awart the foe Thou, in a far land-out the very thought !-

Gazest (sh wilful!) upon Alpine snows And the froz'n Rhine-without me-all alone ! 50 May that frost harm not thee! that targed ice Cut ne'er thy dainty feet! I'll go, and play My stores of music-fashioned for the lyre Of Chalcis-on the pipe of Arcady

### FCL X ] VIRGILS ECLOGUES

My choice is made. In woods, mid wild beasts' dens, I'll bear my love, and carve it on the trees. That with their growth, my loves may grow and

grow
Banded with nymphs I ll roam o'er Menalus,
Or hunt swift boars, and circle with my dogs,
Unrecking of the cold, Parthenia's glades

Already over crag and ringing grove
I am borne in fancy laugh as I let loose
The Cretan arrow from the Parthian low —

Pooh! will this heal thy madness? will that Learn mercy from the agomes of men?

This past again nymphs muse, fail to please Agome John the Agome John the J

—Sung are, oh holy ones, your minstrel's songs:
 Who sits here framing pipes with slender reed
 In Gallus' eyes will be enhance their worth
 Gallus—for whom each hour my passion grows,

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I rise The shadows are the singer's bane. Baneful the shadow of the jumper. ۶n

E'en the flocks like not shadow. Go-the star

Of morning breaks-go home, my full-fed sheep.